June 1978
$1.50
HEAVY METAL
IND 36587
illustrated fantasy magazine

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

ANIMAL HOUSE

A comedy from Universal Pictures that will escape sometime this summer.

Starring: John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce,
and Donald Sutherland as "Jennings"
Plus a cast of 4,623 other very funny people.

Produced by Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman
Directed by John Landis
Written by Harold Ramis, Doug Kenney, and Chris Miller

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editors.

I hope you use more *Pilote* stories in *Heavy Metal*. Their wealth of good material is endless....Enki Bilal did a story called "Exterminator 14" that you should use....

Collin Kellogg
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Collin: Quite the little expert, aren't you? You're right, of course. We're in the process of having the "Exterminator" series colored, to run later this year. Thanks for the suggestion.—Ed.

Hello.

Come on, loosen up a little! If you're only gonna do a minimum of printing American art (look, I'm no patriot. I just like these guys *stuff*, you know?), why not delete some Corben and let us see Jeff Jones, Barry Smith, or (my all-time favorite) Michael Kaluta, in color? P.S. Why don't you give credits to the translators?

Cat Yvon Wode
Mtn. Grove, Mo.

Dear Cat: We'd love to have Jones, Smith, Kaluta...and, if we're lucky, some day we will. Meanwhile, we've signed Corben for a terrific new serial, so... P.S. Valerie and Sean are too modest to take credits.—Eds.

Dear *H.M.*,

Well, now that all the bitching seems to be sufficiently vented, I would like to heartily thank you all for bringing *Heavy Metal* to our previously culturally emaciated newsstands. I am firmly convinced that all of those banally bourgeois folk who have written to you in the past with condemnation reeking from their foul words obviously were never properly weaned from "Conan" and that ilk of so-called "sword and sorcery."

Heavy Metal presents the widest variety and highest quality of visual fantasy and science fiction that may be found in this country today. If anything, we readers should be overwhelmed that someone finally gave us the opportunity to rise above the confines of the redundant world of comix in our search for colorful literary entertainment.

I, for one, salute your efforts. I can only hope that those who find fault with your publication may find solace elsewhere and stop boring those of us natural hedonists who derive nothing but pure and unrestrained pleasure from

continued on page 47

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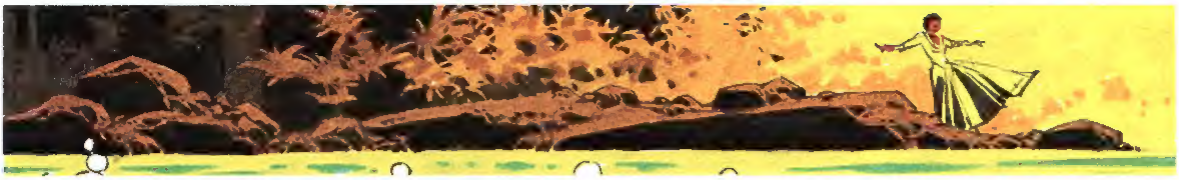

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...ANYWAY...

3 good ones get started this month: Corben's "Arabian Nights," Nino and Sturgeon's "More Than Human," & Voss's "Heilman"...a perfect *Heavy Metal* mix of sf, fantasy & rock.

Complete in this issue, as they say, is "Evolution," creation of Vaughn Bodé disciple Bob Aull which was—yes, folks!—considered too much for our German edition, *Star Fantasy.* There's also an 8-page preview of the new book written by comics' bad boy Don McGregor, *Sabre.* We will not be publishing the book *Sabre*, but the usual industry kickbacks apply, so you are urged to purchase same.

Rumors are to be believed re *HM* calendars, movies, posters, anthologies, albums, lunch buckets, decals & holiday camps for the chronically overimaginative child. Out is the only way to sell.

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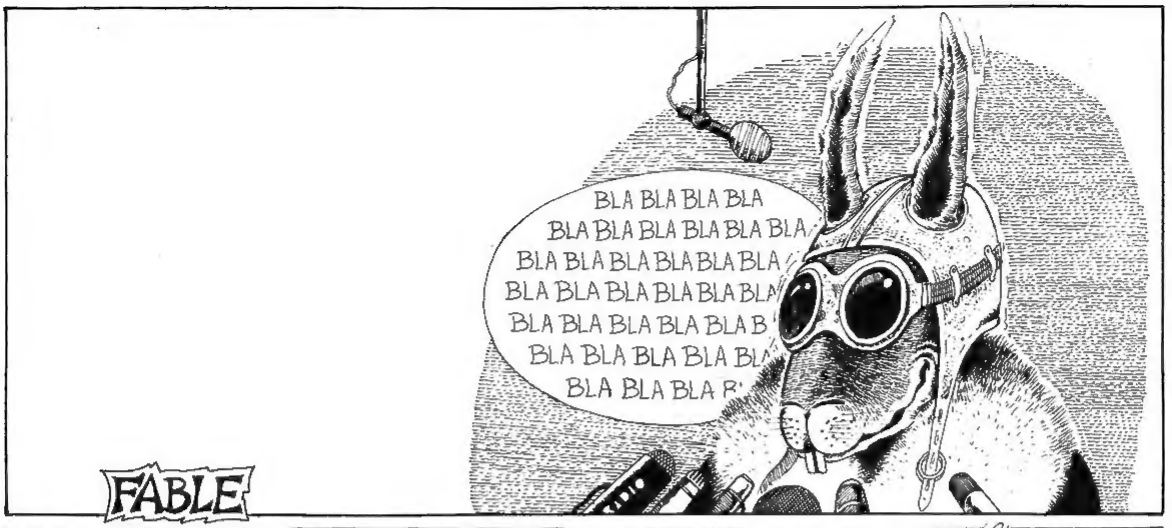
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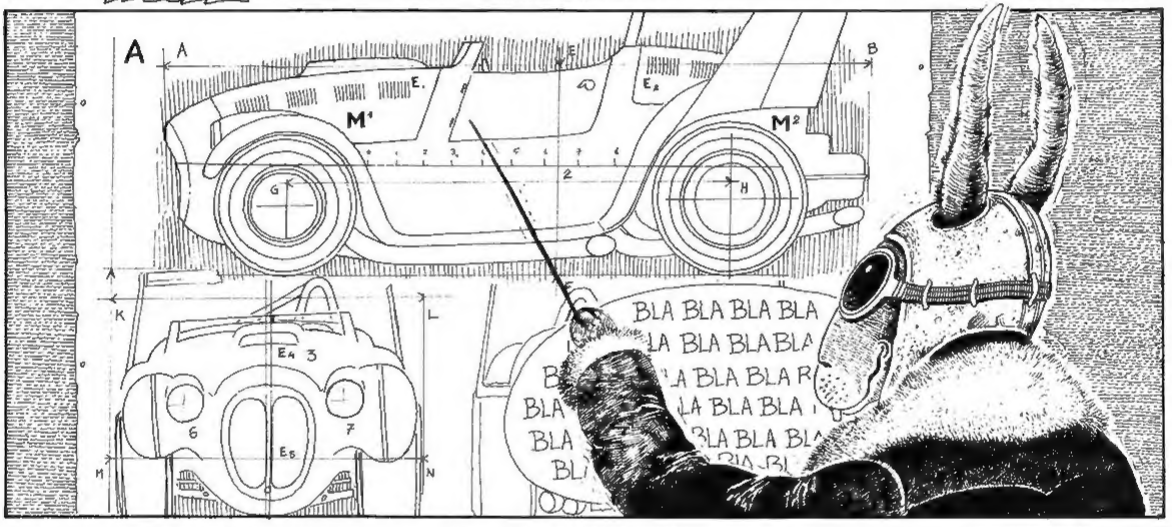
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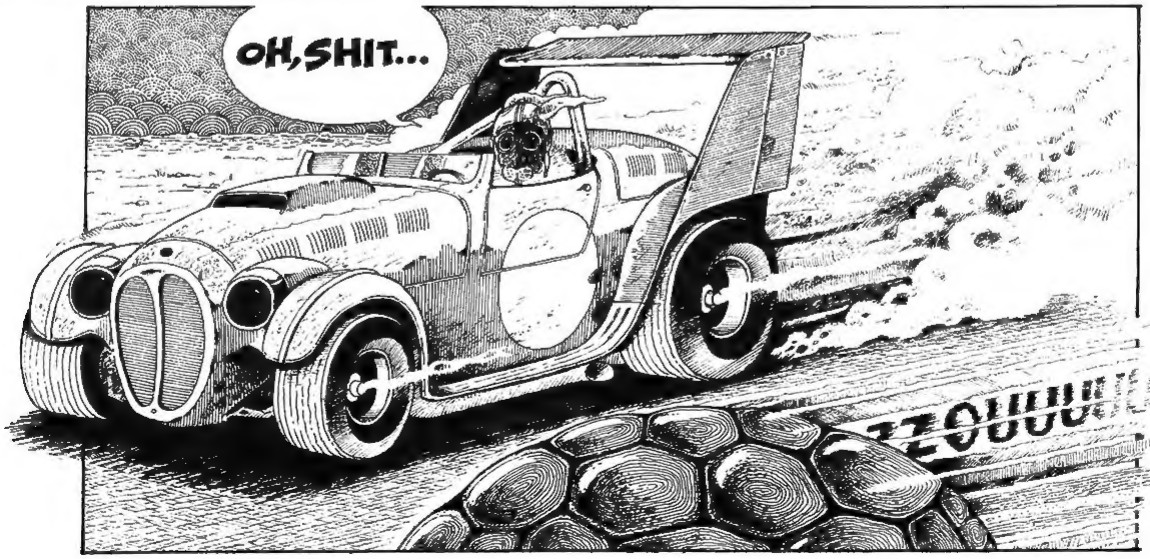
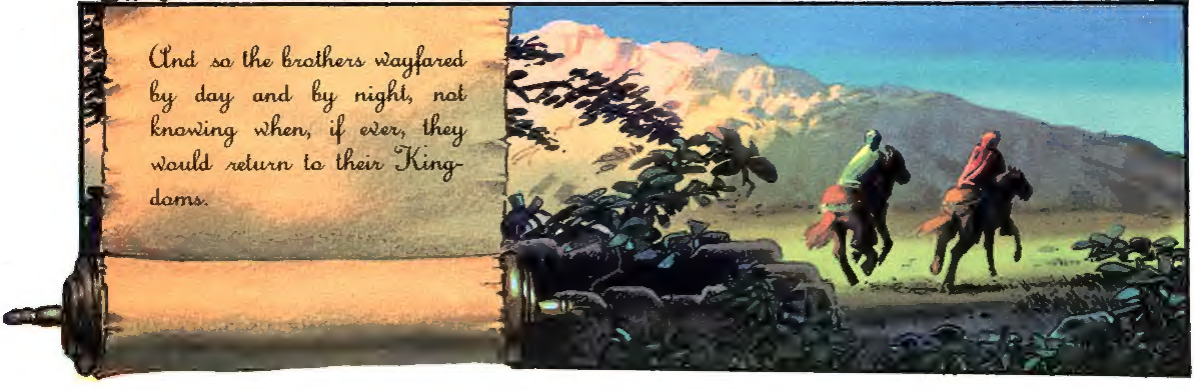

OH, SHIT...

New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Shahrazad
It is related (but Allah is All-knowing!) that in time long gone before, two brothers turned their backs on Kingship to wander over the earth, searching for one whose calamity overmatched their own. . . .

Each a victim of a faithless Queen, their thoughts dwelt only upon their wives' evil deeds, and sorrow hung heavily in their hearts. Shahryar spoke to his younger brother, Shahzaman:
O my brother, if I find none whose wife is more wanton than my own, then death will surely be more welcome to me than life!
By Allah, so it is with me, my brother!

©1978 RICHARD CORBEN & JAN STRNAD



At last, when Destiny had brought them to the shade of a tree by the ocean shore, and when they were deep in sleep, Shahryar was awakened by a distant roar as though the heavens were falling upon the earth.
Shahzaman! Wake up! The fury of Allah is upon us!
HAAARH!

Breathe the air and feel of the sea breeze, O my choicest love! I would sleep awhile—but think you not of escape . . .
. . . for (yawn) I will seek you out wherever you may hide!
Know that this beast snatched me on my wedding night that none might lay with me but him. But in revenge I have lain as many men as I've willed, and so would I do with you! Come down, or die the illest of deaths!
Come down, and fear not of this Ifrit, my husband, so long as you do as I bid!

Tell me, my lady, before we perform that service which you require—how many others have preceded us in this task?
Since the night of my capture, this filthy Ifrit has carried me to many lands distant and strange, and with every opportunity I have taken vengeance against him.
My lovers have numbered five hundred and seventy, and now I would count two more.
By Allah, such a number is strong precedent indeed! Under pain of death, I shall not thwart you!
Then you are wise, and may live to see the morrow.

So amid the silky layers of the Jinni's loincloth, the brothers did as they were advised.

Allah! Surely this woman has dealt a greater injustice to this Ifrit—so much more powerful than we—than what has befallen us!
Such is abundant consolation ! . ..

Let us return to our countries and our palaces, and there decide our course of action against all womankind.
Such is also my desire, O my brother.

Returning to his city, Shahryar summoned his wife and his Wazir and made a proclamation:

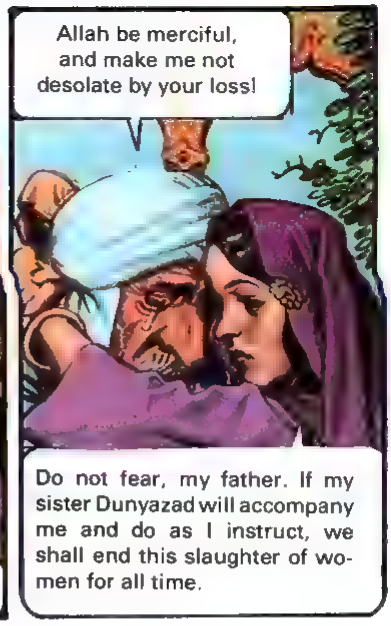
I command my wife, the Queen, to be put to death, for she has broken her marriage vow. Such is her just fate.

Henceforth I shall marry a maiden each night, and I shall slay her the following morning, as there is no woman to be trusted on the face of the earth.

You, my Wazir, I entrust with the duty of obtaining my virgin bride for each night, and of her execution the next morning. To fail me in this respect will be to lose your head.
As you command, O King of the age.

Such was King Shahryar's practice for the space of three years. Mothers wept and parents fled the city with their daughters, until no virgin remained for the King's pleasure. Presently the Wazir went forth and, finding no suitable bride, returned home in sorrow and in fear for his life.
His eldest daughter, Shahrazad, perceived the cause of his anxiety and offered herself as the King's bride, but the Wazir would not hear of such a plan.

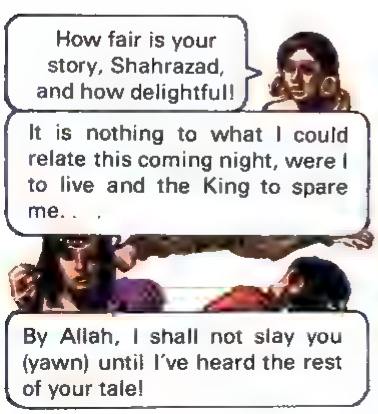
My will cannot be changed, Father. If I must, I shall approach the King alone and offer myself against your wishes, and then we shall both die
O my daughter, must this need be?
Even so.


Allah be merciful, and make me not desolate by your loss!
Do not fear, my father. If my sister Dunyazad will accompany me and do as I instruct, we shall end this slaughter of women for all time.

That night, when Dunyazad perceived that the King had had his will with Shahrazad, the sister spoke as she had been instructed:

Allah upon you, O my sister, recite for us a story to wile away the hours of our last night together!
Tell on, for I am sleepless this night and would be pleased to hear a tale.
Gladly will I do so, Dunyazad, providing the King will permit. . . .

So Shahrazad began the tale of the Merchant and the Jinni, but before she had reached the tale's end she perceived the light of day and ceased her permitted say.

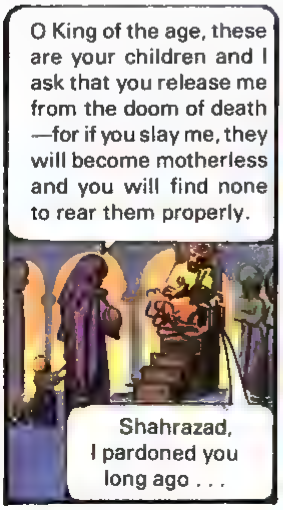

How fair is your story, Shahrazad, and how delightful!
It is nothing to what I could relate this coming night, were I to live and the King to spare me. . .
By Allah, I shall not slay you (yawn) until I've heard the rest of your tale!

Many nights were passed in like manner, and each morning Shahrazad ceased her story with the first light of dawn and was granted a stay of execution.

But it is impossible to do so forever Surely there must come an end.
I believe myself pregnant by the King. If such is the case, perhaps that will be of some aid to us.

For a thousand nights and a night, Shahrazad entertained the King with stories of great adventures and of folk gone before, and during that time she bore him three sons. . . .

. . . whereupon she appeared before Shahryar and asked of him a favor.


O King of the age, these are your children and I ask that you release me from the doom of death —for if you slay me, they will become motherless and you will find none to rear them properly.
Shahrazad, I pardoned you long ago . . .

. . . for I found you pure, chaste, and pious. We shall marry with regal ceremony and know you that my brother seeks also your sister Dunyazad in wedlock. Will you permit it?

With but one condition —that your brother the King abide with us here, for I and my sister were raised together and cannot endure separation one from the other.
So shall it be!

So the two brothers lived with their wives in all pleasure, for indeed Allah the Most High had changed their sorrow into joy, and in due time all was chronicled and the book was called—

The Stories of the Thousand Nights and a Night.

You have the look of a thief about you, Dunyazad.
Oh!
Shahrazad . . . praise Allah! I thought I was discovered!
And so you are, my sister. Tell me . . . what duty calls you from your chambers at such an hour?
In truth, I was practicing an escape from the palace!
I'm so unhappy here. It's pleasant enough, but . . . so **boring!** I want **adventure!** I want to make great journeys like those of Sindbad the Seaman!
Happiness lies in the path of the Prophet, Dunyazad, not in Sindbad's.
Would you like to hear the tale of Sindbad's **final** voyage, an adventure beyond the seven I told the King?
Very much!
Then stay with me, and I'll begin the story for you tonight.
But Allah is All-Knowing!
It has reached me, my sister, that one day a stranger appeared in Baghdad, seeking after Sindbad the Seaman. . . .
to be continued

The Airtight Garage

STORY TO DATE

AH! THE WONDERFUL STEAM ENGINE!

YOU CAN LOOK AFTER TURBLION XP 17

AH! THOSE TURBLIONS ARE ALWAYS BREAKING DOWN!

TUT! TUT! THIS ONE'S BEEN SERIOUSLY DAMAGED.

COME THIS WAY.. THIS WAY TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST!

MOEBIUS 77

I'VE COME FOR THE TURBLION!...

IT'S OVER THERE.

NOT LONG AGO, THIS SCENE OF DESOLATION WAS "THE SHEET OF RIZLA SQUARE"... THIS IS WHERE THE SPLENDID STEAM ENGINE WAS BOMBARDED FROM THE SKY... MORE THAN THIRTY DIED!... NOW TEAMS OF TECHNICIANS FROM ALL FOUR CORNERS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE TO FIX THE LOVELY LOCOMOTIVE, AND STILL NO ONE KNOWS THE REASON FOR THE BOMBARDMENT..

AND WHAT WOULD YOU TOURISTS LIKE?

WELL..

I'LL HAVE AN ALCOHOL SWAFT.

I'LL HAVE A BLUE COFFEE.

WHEATAL BROTH FOR ME, PLEASE

DO YOU THINK IT'S HIM?

I TELL YOU, IT'S MAJOR GRUBERT... I RECOGNIZE HIM BY THE POINT ON HIS HELMET...

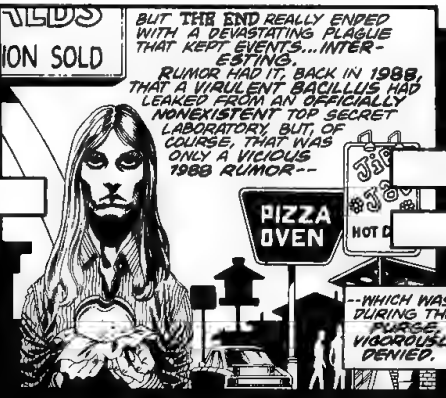
MOEBIUS 77

TO BE CONTINUED...

Sabre
Don McGregor
& Paul Gulacy
Gulacy

PROLOGUE ONE:

SABRE

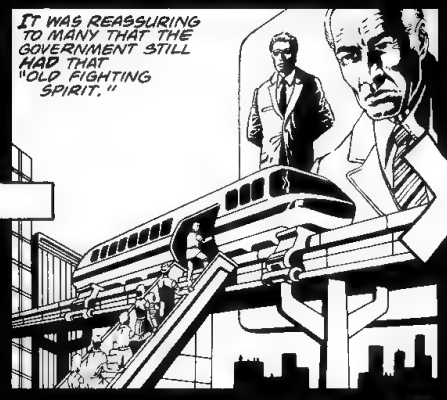

BUT, THE END REALLY ENDED WITH A DEVASTATING PLAGUE THAT KEPT EVENTS...INTERESTING.
RUMOR HAD IT, BACK IN 1988, THAT A VIRULENT BACILLUS HAD LEAKED FROM AN OFFICIALLY NONEXISTENT TOP SECRET LABORATORY. BUT, OF COURSE, THAT WAS ONLY A VICIOUS 1988 RUMOR--
PIZZA OVEN
--WHICH WAS, DURING THE CRISES, VIGOROUSLY DENIED.

IN 1992, FOUR YEARS AFTER THE END, THE THERMAL RADIATION FROM NUCLEAR REACTORS COMBINED WITH ALTERED WEATHER PATTERNS TO GIVE THEIR YIELD--

THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS LABELED THEIR CRITICS AS PESSIMISTIC PARANOIDS, WHICH PROVED TO SOME CITIZENS THAT POLITICAL SLOGANEERS WERE STILL CAPABLE OF INCISIVE NAME-CALLING.

THE NUCLEAR REGULATORY COMMITTEE, HAVING COMMITTED THEMSELVES, WITH STRAIGHT FACES, TO 500,000 YEARS OF VIGILANT SAFEGUARDING OF PLUTONIUM WASTES, DID NOT EVEN BLUSH IN THE YEAR 2006--

TERRORISTS, BECOMING MORE PLENTIFUL, MANAGED, IN THEIR BLIND BIDS FOR FAME, POWER, AND RETRIBUTION TO CONTAMINATE THE ENTIRE WATER SUPPLY OF MANHATTAN.



--WHEN SEVERAL SERIOUS SPILLAGES RENDERED OKLAHOMA, WISCONSIN, AND RHODE ISLAND NULL AND VOID.
COMMITTEE MEMBERS AND POLITICIANS WERE NOT NOTED, EVEN IN THE YEAR 2006, FOR CUTE ENDOTIONALISMS.
THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND HAS BEEN CANCELLED DUE TO UNFORESEEN COMPLICATIONS... DANGER!

WHILE THE WORLD POWERS WAGED INVASIONS AND LESS SUBTLE PERSUASIONS, AMERICANS TURNED, DURING THE YEAR 2016, TO A PHENOMENAL FAD. THE NATION WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DIVERT ITS ATTENTION FROM THE AFTERMATH OF THE END.

THE OVAL OFFICE SOON PUT A STOP TO SUCH HOARDING OF WEAPONRY, FANCIFUL OR NOT. THEY KNEW THE TONE OF THE TIMES. INDIVIDUALS, AN IN-GOVERNMENT EUPHEMISM FOR REBELS, WERE UNDER THE GUN.

HE CALLS HIMSELF SABRE. HE IS A ROGUISH ANACHRONISM, OR SO HE'D LIKE TO THINK. HE IS DEDICATED TO EVADING AND OUTWITTING THE POWER MANDATES OF 2020.

THE GOVERNMENT, ASSAULTED FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT, RETREATED TO A CENTRAL FORTRESS, THEY REASONED THAT ANY REBELLION MUST BE FOUGHT WITH OPEN WARFARE. NO MORE TYING OF THE GOVERNMENT'S HANDS.

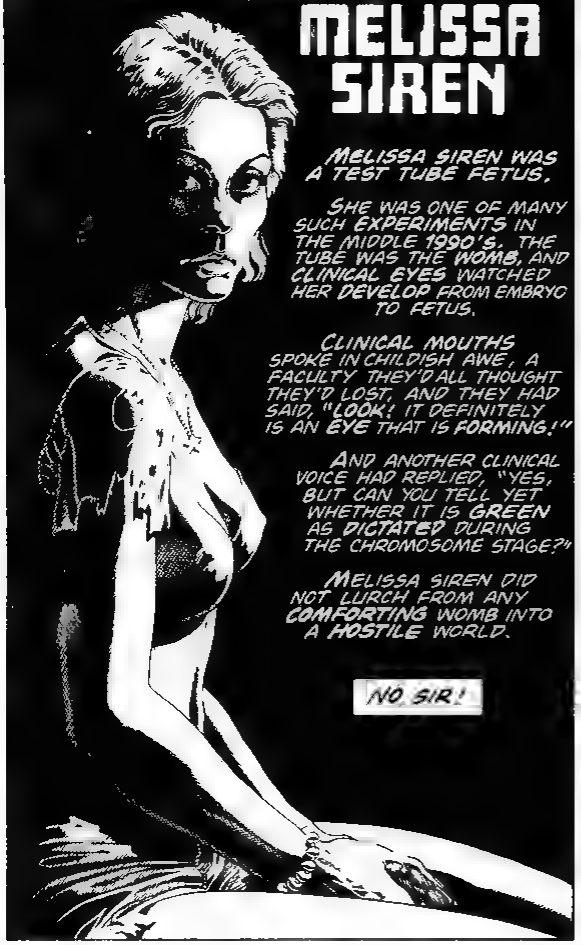
FLINTLOCK LASER
AUTHENTIC MODEL 1782 SLICES AND DICES!
SUPPLIES LAST!
A MAIL ORDER ENTREPRENEUR OFFERED ARCHAIC WEAPONRY WITH FUTURISTIC EMBELLISHMENTS FOR HOME USE. THE FLINTLOCK LASER OUTSOLD WITHIN ONE WEEK, VOLUMES 88, 89, AND 90 OF "GOLDEN OLDIES OF THE FIFTIES."

THERE ARE STILL SOME SURVIVORS WHO WILL NOT ABANDON THEIR IDEALS. ONE OF THESE SURVIVORS HAS BEEN BRANDED A ROMANTIC IDEALIST.

THEY ARE JUST AS DEDICATED IN THEIR EFFORTS TO SUBDUE HIM. (READ IN CERTAIN CIRCLES AS "EXTERMINATE.") AND THE OVERSEERS AND CONTROLLERS HAVE THE ENTIRE MILITARY FORCES AT THEIR BEQUEST.

PROLOGUE TWO:

MELISSA SIREN



MELISSA SIREN WAS A TEST TUBE FETUS.

SHE WAS ONE OF MANY SUCH EXPERIMENTS IN THE MIDDLE 1990'S. THE TUBE WAS THE WOMB, AND CLINICAL EYES WATCHED HER DEVELOP FROM EMBRYO TO FETUS.

CLINICAL MOUTHS SPOKE IN CHILDISH AWE, A FACULTY THEY'D ALL THOUGHT THEY'D LOST, AND THEY HAD SAID, "LOOK! IT DEFINITELY IS AN EYE THAT IS FORMING!"

AND ANOTHER CLINICAL VOICE HAD REPLIED, "YES, BUT CAN YOU TELL YET WHETHER IT IS GREEN AS DICTATED DURING THE CHROMOSOME STAGE?"

MELISSA SIREN DID NOT LURCH FROM ANY COMFORTING WOMB INTO A HOSTILE WORLD.

NO SIR!

MOTHERS HAD FINALLY BEEN REPLACED, AND CLINICAL MANKIND, AS WELL AS CLINICAL WOMANKIND, REJOICED!

MAN-- NO LONGER BEHOLDEN TO WOMEN AS CARRIERS OF LIFE.

AND AS FOR CLINICAL WOMANKIND...WELL, NO LONGER WOULD THE FEMALE SPECIES HAVE TO PROVE ITS WORTH BY BEARING CHILDREN.

ONWARD! TO MORE IMPORTANT THINGS.

SOMEHOW--

SOMEHOW MELISSA SIREN SUSPECTED AS SHE GREW AND ATTENDED MOTIVATION CLASSES... SOMEHOW SHE SUSPECTED THAT SOMETHING HAD BEEN LOST... SOMEWHERE.

IT WAS A THOUGHT THAT PLAGUED HER IRRETRIEVABLE NIGHTS AND LEFT HER FORLORN IN MEANINGLESS DAYS.

MELISSA WAS NOT SURE WHAT HAD BEEN LOST--

--AND SHE WASN'T SURE THERE HADN'T BEEN ANYTHING GAINED--

--BUT SHE FELT A CENTRAL EMPTINESS--

--AN AWARENESS OF NOT BEING LINKED TO MORE THAN A SHAPE OF GLASS. CONCEPTION STOLEN FROM ORGASM ORIGINS. (WELL NOW, DID THE WOMAN HAVE ONE? NINE? NONE?) SOMETIMES SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW WHAT HAD BEEN LOST... MAGIC.

BUT THEN, SOMETHING SO FANCIFUL COULD NOT HAVE CAUSED HER DISCONTENT.

AFTER ALL, AS ALL THOSE CLINICAL VOICES WOULD BE QUICK TO POINT OUT, OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS...MAGIC?

IMITATION SOUTH SEA PALM TREES SWAY IN THE VENTILATOR-SHAFT-CREATED MIDNIGHT WINDS--

--AS THE PAINTED STARS DISAPPEAR UNDER THE MAJESTIC SAILS AND RISING PROW THAT DEVOUR THE HORIZON!

COLLISION!

THAT ETERNALLY FULL MOON IS STILL THERE, MELISSA REALIZES. IT IS THE LAST SIGHT THAT REGISTERS BEFORE IMPACT. THAT MOON IS STILL CLEAR IN ITS ARTISTIC IDEALIZATION--

--AN UNMARRED MOON, UNLIKE THE WOUNDED REAL MOON OUTSIDE THIS INSPIRED ROMANTIC SETTING. VIOLENCE RIPS AT THE ROMANTIC FACADE!

THE HORIZON TILTS/

/THE IDEALISTIC MOON SUCCUMBS/

/TO TURQUOISE TURMOIL/

/SURGING/

/CASCADING/

/BATTERING FLESH/

/BONE/

/SANITY/

/KILLING THE NIGHT AIR/

/AND DROWNING THE WORLD!

ALL RIGHT! LET'S MOVE IT OUT! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TOMORROW? BOARD THAT SHIP BEFORE SABRE GETS THAT SWORD OF HIS DRAWN OR YOU WON'T SEE TOMORROW!

"AND YOU!...WILLOUGHBY? --WHY THE HELL IS YOUR GODDAMNED WEAPON STILL HOLSTERED?"

"IT'S STUCK, BLACKSTAR! I THINK THE LEATHER MUST'VE WARPED IN THE HUMIDITY OR SOMETHING."

THE MERCENARIES SWARM OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP--

--LIKE A NIGHTMARE POTENTIAL FINALLY REALIZED!

HELLO, SABRE!
WE MEET AGAIN. ABOUT TIME, TOO.
I TRY MY BEST.
YOU MAKE THIS JOB HELL, YOU KNOW.
WITHOUT YOU DRIVING THE OVER-SEER INTO A FRENZY, MY SALARY FOR ROUNDING UP THE RABBLE WOULD BE EXORBITANT--
THEY STAND, TESTING EACH OTHER. ONE ON ONE. BLADE TO BLADE. IN BOTH THEIR EYES, THERE IS A GRUDGINGLY ADMITTED ADMIRATION, AS IF EACH RECOGNIZES THAT HE FACES A SPLENDID ADVERSARY.
--AS IT IS...HE'S GETTING A BARGAIN!
GROUSE APPEARS AGAINST THE FLAMING BACKDROP OF WOOD AND CLOTH--
--AND HIS CHUCKLE, DEEP BUT MERRY, IS LOST IN THE BURNING NIGHT!
MELISSA SEES THAT HAND CAPABLE OF TENDER TOUCHING IMPALED...STIFFEN-ING--
--AND HER EYES TRY TO STOP THE ACT!
HERE'S TO NASTY DREAMS, SWEETHEART!
FLAMES LEAP.
BLOOD DRIPS SLOWLY.
I APOL-OGIZE, SABRE.
I TRUST YOU'LL BELIEVE THIS IS NOT THE WAY I WOULD HAVE HANDLED THE SITUATION--
--BUT WHAT IS ONE TO DO--
--GOOD HELP IS SO HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS!

IDENTITY IMAGES...REFLECTED...TORN APART. PROFILE. FRONTAL. FULL LENGTH. ACCENTUATION. OF AN INDIVIDUAL FACET SUCH AS EYES. HE COMES AWAKE...SWEATING...AND SEES HIMSELF MIRRORED INTO INFINITY. IS THAT TRULY HIM...TRULY HOW HE LOOKS?

THE WOUNDED HAND COMES ALIVE NEXT, AND FEELS LIKE A SEPARATE, PAINFUL ENTITY, ONE WITH ITS OWN BLOOD-PULSE. THE TENDONS THICKEN IN HIS ARMS, AND AS HIS MIND ASKS WHERE HE IS, AN EXTERNAL VOICE ASKS WHO HE IS...AND WHY.

"I'M BEGINNING TO. IMAGINE MY HORROR."

MY POSITION... THE POSITION OF THE RESPONSIBLE MEN WHO WANT THE BEST FOR OUR SOCIETY...

...IS TO GIVE PEOPLE THE MAXIMUM OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE THEIR COMMUNITY.

TO BE VALID, YOU MUST PRODUCE FOR SOCIETY... OR ELSE WHY DO YOU EXIST?

THE QUESTION IS... DO I... NEED--

--TO JUSTIFY IT?

YES!

YOU ARE WONDERING WHERE YOU ARE? THIS IS THE SYNCHRONIZATION CENTER. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE HEARD OF IT BEFORE. I AM THE OVERSEER.

I'M GLAD YOU WERE.

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR MEETING.

YOU SEE, SABRE, THAT'S WHAT WE MUST CHANGE. YOUR ATTITUDE. YOU GIVE IN TO SUCH OUTBURSTS OF ANGER THAT IT MAKES YOUR STABILITY SUSPECT. DO YOU SEE?

TO YOU?

YES!

I'M AFRAID... I MUST... DISAGREE.

YOU CANNOT REFUTE THE LOGIC OF THE SYSTEM.

WHY--

--NOT?

BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE. THERE IS NO ROOM FOR SUCH NEGATIVE TRAITS IN A SOCIETY AS OVERCROWDED AND COMPLEX AS OURS.

AND THEREFORE I SHOULDN'T CRITICIZE--

--OR MENTION--

--ANY FLAWS--

--IN YOUR PRECIOUS SYSTEM?

YOU WILL LEARN IN MOMENTS. BY MORNING, YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THAT...SYNCHRONIZATION ALLOWS HUMANS TO REGULATE THEIR LIVES.

I SEE.

TO YOU... LIFE NEEDS REGULATION.

JUST AS MAN NEEDS A REASON TO EXIST, YOU ARE WORTHLESS AS YOU ARE. OF NO BENEFICIAL CONSEQUENCE TO MANKIND.

WELL, IF I DO HAVE TO ...JUSTIFY...MY EXISTENCE...IT IS TO MYSELF ...AND NOT... TO YOU!

THE TRANSLATOR SCREENS GO BLANK... LIKE SABRE'S EYES.

THAT'S NOT THE WAY HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN *TREATED.*

HE DESERVED *BETTER* THAN THAT.

WHAT DID YOU SAY, MERCENARY BLOOD?

NOTHING YOU WOULD *UNDERSTAND,* TECHNICIAN VISIONS ... I'M *SURE.*

ESTEEMED CONGRESS, I HAVE A *LITTLE DRAMA* SCHEDULED, ONE THAT SHOULD *PROVE* TO YOU... AND OUR PRESIDENT...THAT THIS *SUBVERSIVE* HAS BEEN EFFECTIVELY... SUBDUED... BROKEN.

MISTY, WOULD YOU TUNE IN THE *BROTHEL BILLET?*

*"THIS IS A MOST UNORTHODOX PRESENTATION, I CONCEDE, BUT ONE IN WHICH WE WILL PROVE THAT SABRE CAN BE TAUGHT CONSTRUCTIVE LIFE-STYLES. HE WILL BE A PARAGON OF ENTHUSIASTIC WILLINGNESS TO PERFORM, AND THUS, SINCE HIS POPULARITY AMONGST THE REBEL COLONIES, A BRILLIANT TESTIMONY TO OUR REIGN. WE HAVE PLACED MELISSA SIREN IN ONE OF OUR INSTALLATION'S BROTHEL SUITES. SABRE HAS EXHIBITED A MARKEDLY FIERCE PROTECTIVE STREAK TOWARD THIS WOMAN... A THROWBACK, OBVIOUSLY, TO THOSE OLD CINEMA IDEOLOGIES THAT HE **SEEMS**... LET ME CORRECT THAT... **SEEMED**... TO CHERISH."*

*"WE WILL LET SABRE **VIEW** THIS MELISSA WITH A FEW OF MERCENARY BLACKSTAR BLOOD'S ANIMATRONIC TRACKERS--"*

*"--PLUS ONE OF HIS **HUMAN** MILITARY SPECIALISTS."*

"HE WON'T REACT. OBSERVE."

*BLACKSTAR SEES THEIR FIGURES ON THE OVERHEAD MONITORS. WHY WASN'T HE NOTIFIED OF **THIS**... THIS...? HIS MIND CANNOT FIND AN **APPROPRIATE** WORD.*

THE OVERSEER RELEASES SABRE'S SHACKLES. SABRE FALLS TO HIS KNEES, STILL IMPRISONED.

YOU WILL FIND THAT WHEN YOU **CO-OPERATE**, SABRE, WE CAN BE VERY APPRECIATIVE... **SATISFY** ALL YOUR DESIRES, **WHATEVER** THE TASTE.

AND YOU WILL FIND LIFE LESS DEPRESSING...LESS DIFFICULT TO GET **THROUGH** THE DAY.

HE RELIVES THE **BLEEDING MEMORIES** RIPPED FROM RAGGED BRAIN TISSUE, ALMOST **GONE**, OOZING OVER MUCOID GRAY, **LOSING IT ALL**, BUT FIGHTING, **GODDAMNIT**, TO **KEEP** IT, HIS PAST, HIS **IDENTITY!** HE REMEMBERS MELISSA'S PASSION AND CARING, AND ALSO THE OVERSEER PATTING HIS HEAD... **AS HE STRIKES!**

THAT'S NOT **LIFE** YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, OVERSEER--

--THAT'S ONLY ANOTHER **KIND** OF DEATH!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, OVERSEER... YOU'RE WONDERING, "HOW THE **HELL** DID HE **DO** IT? HOW THE HELL DID HE **OUTLAST** MY **PRECIOUS** EQUIPMENT?"

YOU CAME CLOSE... **CLOSER** THAN I'D LIKE TO **ADMIT!** I FELT EVERYTHING TEARING AWAY... BUT ALL DURING YOUR SYNCHRONIZATION PROCESS...I KEPT **YOUR FACE BEFORE ME!**

I WOULDN'T BETRAY ANY OF MY ANGER... **ANY** EMOTION...UNTIL YOU MADE A MISTAKE... UNTIL I HAD MY **FREEDOM** AGAIN!

DON'T TRY IT!

YOU'LL COST YOUR GOVERNMENT A VERY **EXPENSIVE** FUNERAL IF YOU DO, AND LORD KNOWS, I WOULDN'T WANT THAT ON MY **CONSCIENCE.**

I'D DEAL WITH YOU **NOW**, OVERSEER, BUT **MY LADY** AWAITS--

--AND YOU'RE **RIGHT**... I WON'T HAVE HER **SULLIED** WITH THE SCARS YOU'D LEAVE HER WITH!

I TRUST YOU'LL **KEEP** SEARCHING FOR ME...UNTIL **I** FIND YOU. AND WHEN THAT TIME DOES ARRIVE... I PROMISE YOU, ONLY **ONE** OF US... WILL WALK AWAY.

COUNT ON IT, OVERSEER! YOU CAN COUNT MOST **DEARLY** ON THAT FACT!

END

6 FROM HEAVY METAL

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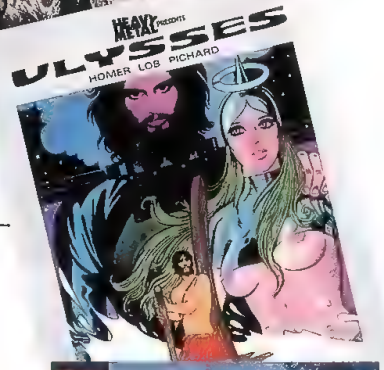

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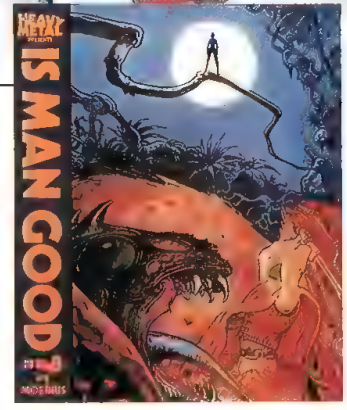

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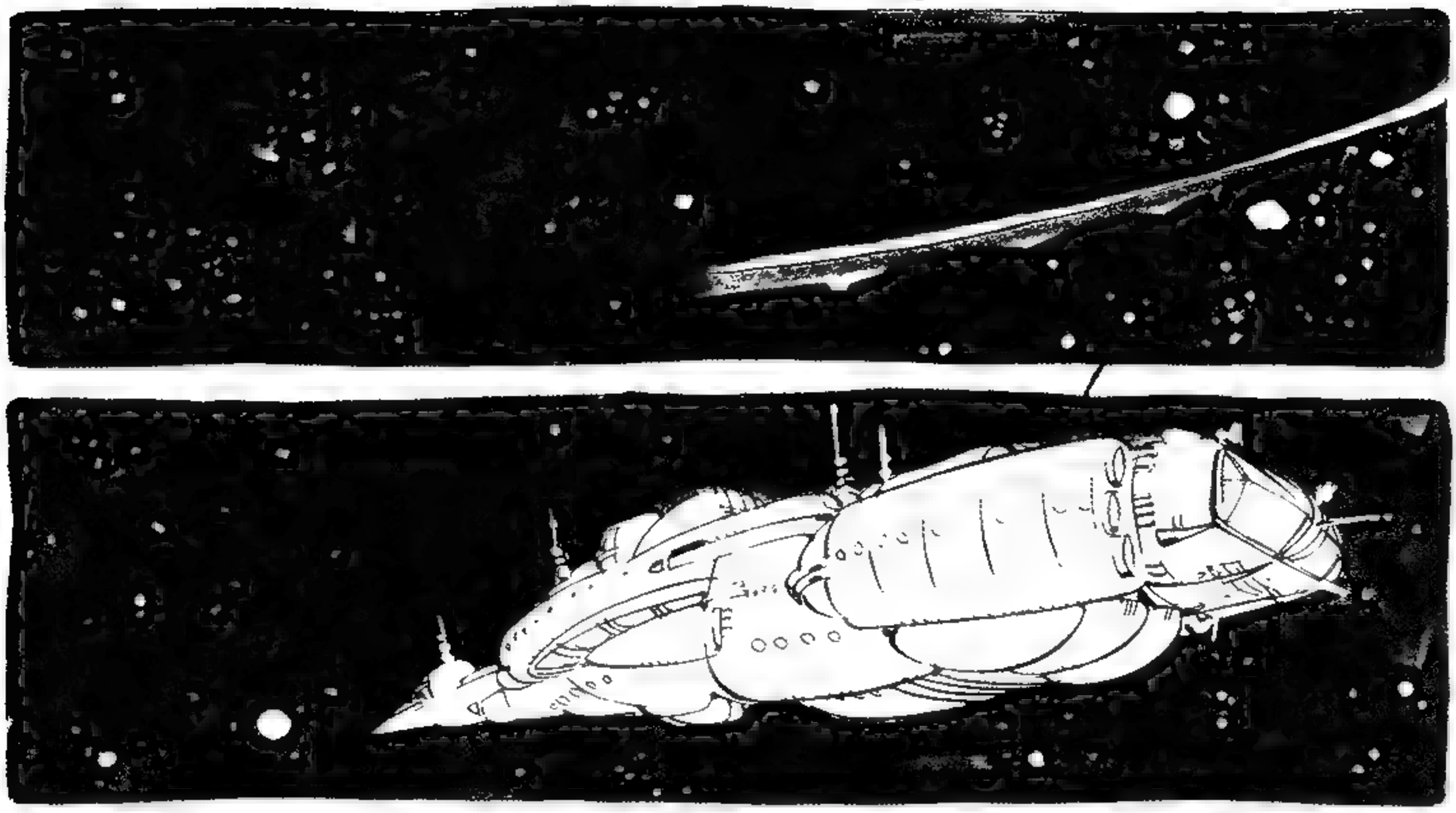
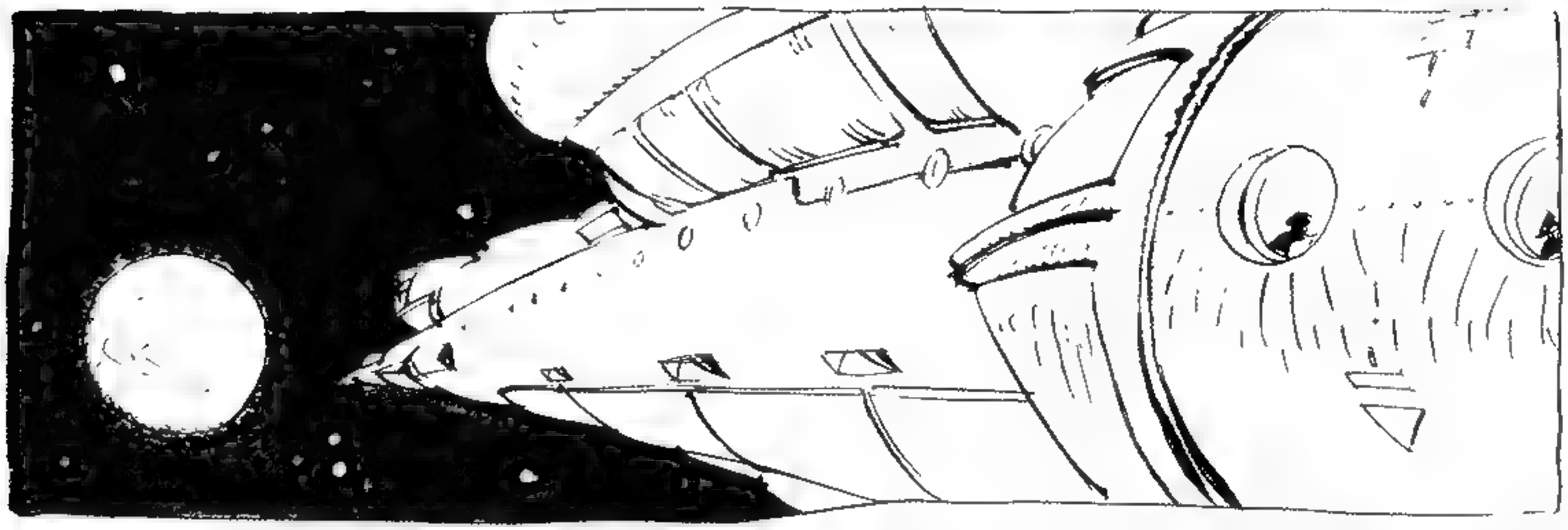




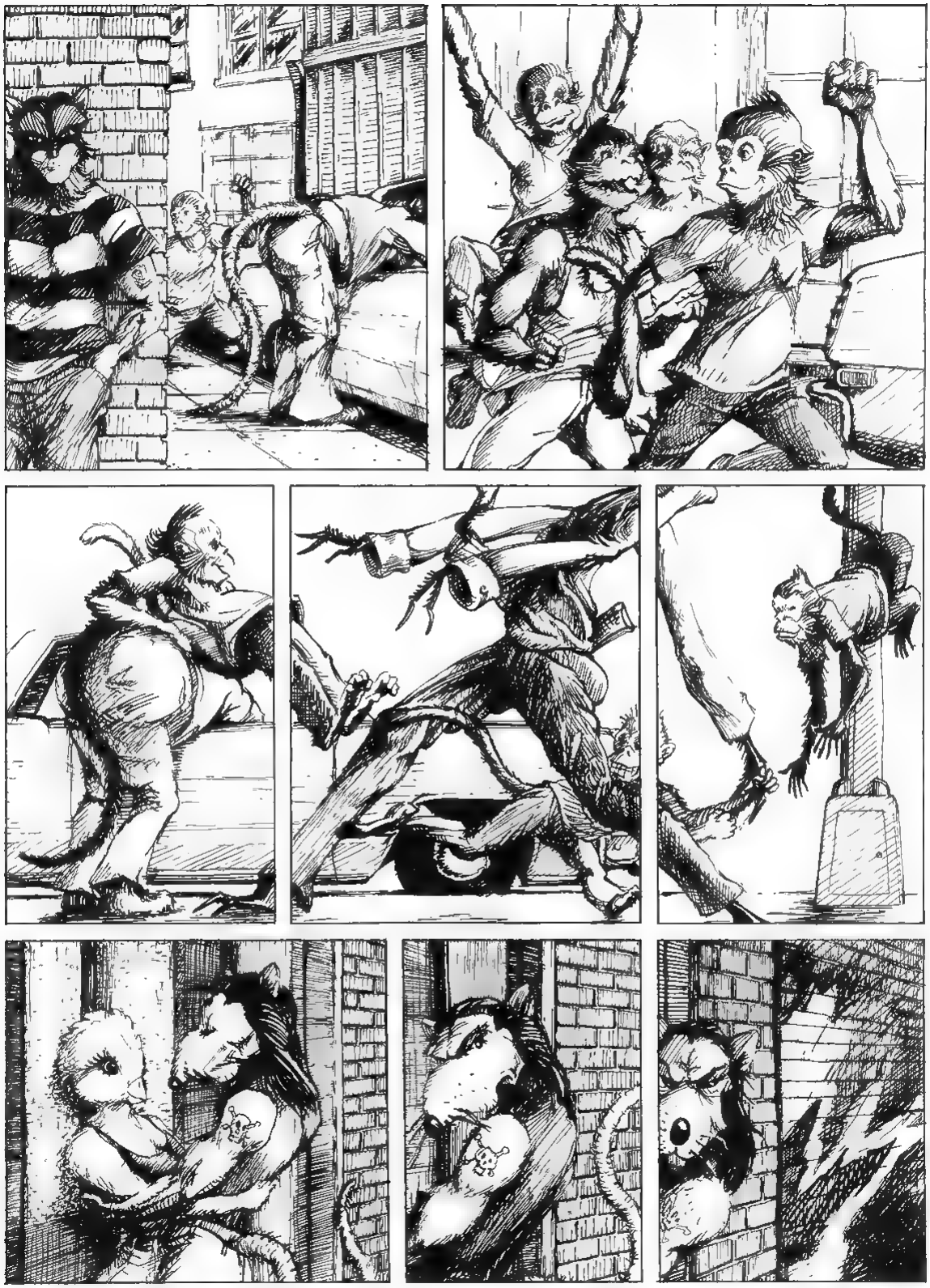
RRRRRRING
THEM CHANGES
by SNEZIN©1978

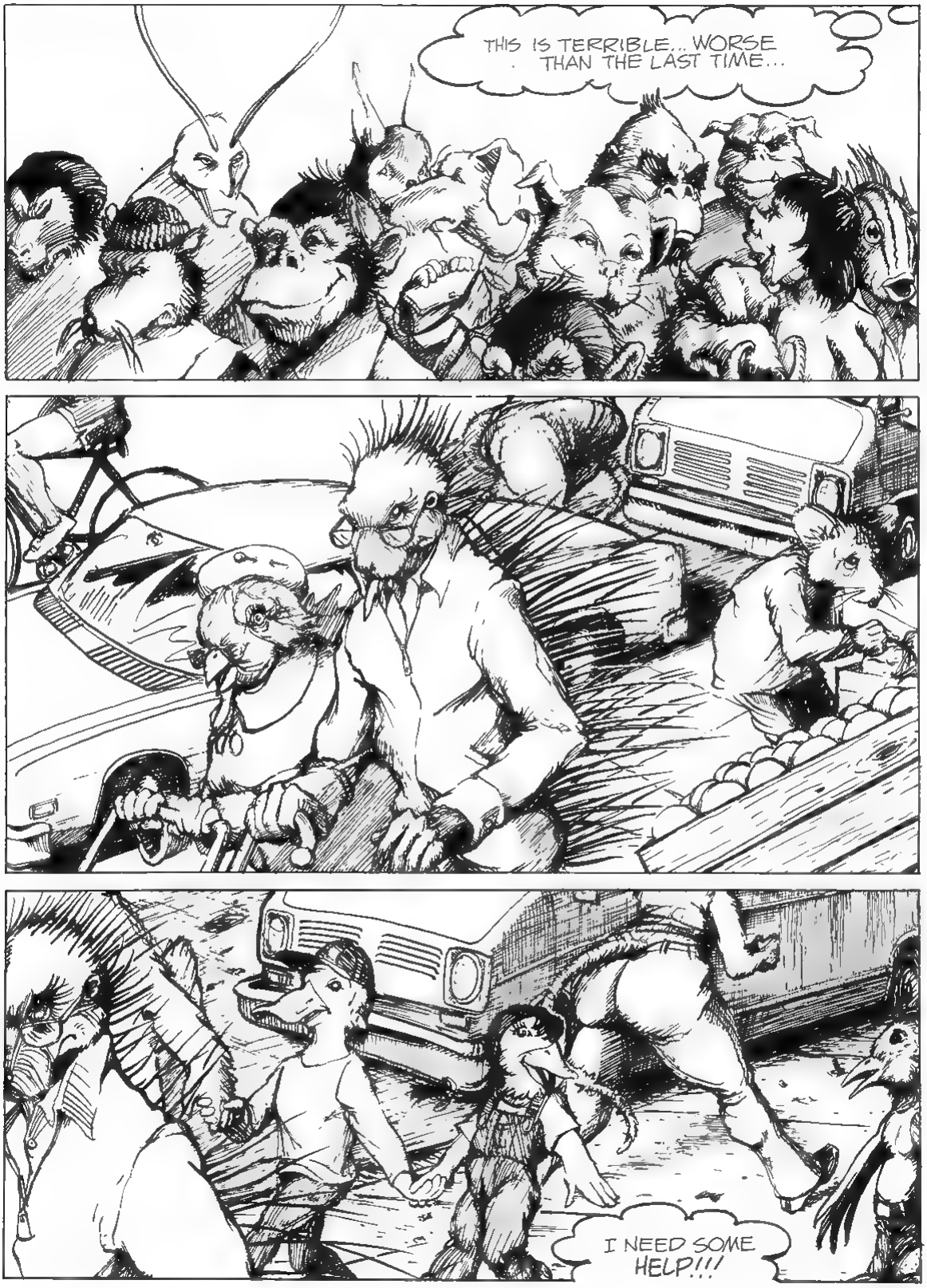
GOOD MORNING, STANLEY
MORNING ..
HERE YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE A HOT BREAKFAST!
ANYTHING WRONG? YOU HAVE THE ODDEST EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE.
OH, GOD! IT'S GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS!

SEE YOU LATER...
STAY CALM!
BUT...YOU DIDN'T EAT YET!
THAT'S O.K
MIRROR! OPPOSITE THE MAILBOXES! DON'T LOOK! DON'T LOOK!
UH,OH...
GOOD MORNING!
HELLO
CALM... CALM...
U.S. MAIL
HUH?
YOW!
A CAT!!!
IT'S A CAT! IT'S ONLY A CAT?
CAT... A CAT.. A.. CAT

ANYTHING THE MATTER?
NO, JUST STARTLED BY THE CAT!
MAYBE I'M GETTING EXCITED OVER NOTHING?
NO! NO— I'M TALKING MYSELF INTO SEEING THINGS!
MUSTN'T LET MY IMAGINATION RUN WILD!
OINK?

MAYBE IT WON'T BE LIKE THAT AGAIN...
...OR MAYBE IT WILL...
13 ST
YES, YES, YES, YES, YES




THIS IS TERRIBLE.. WORSE THAN THE LAST TIME...
I NEED SOME HELP!!!

EXCUSE ME...I COULD USE SOME HELP!
BUT ..BUT...
NEXT!
THE END

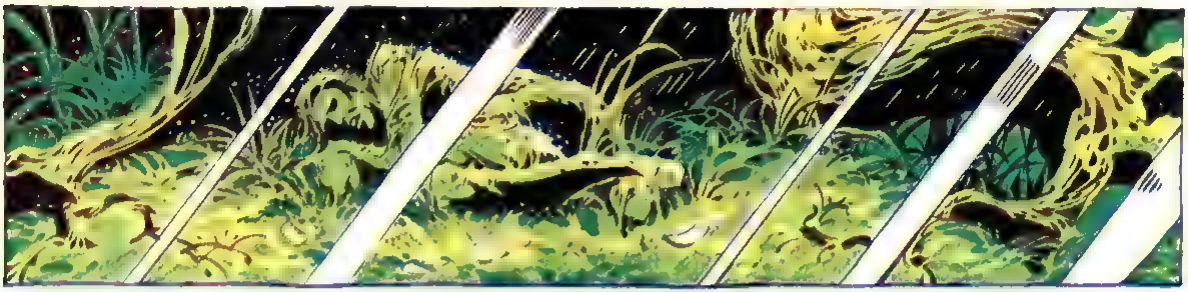
The idiot lived in a black and gray world, punctuated by the white lightning of hunger and the flickering of fear. His eyes were calm. His face was dead. He was twenty-five years old.

In the woods, he moved like an animal, beautifully. He hunted like an animal, without hate and without joy. He ate like an animal, only enough and never more. He fed himself when he could and did without when he could. If he could do neither, he was fed by the first person who came face-to-face with him. He never knew why, and never wondered.

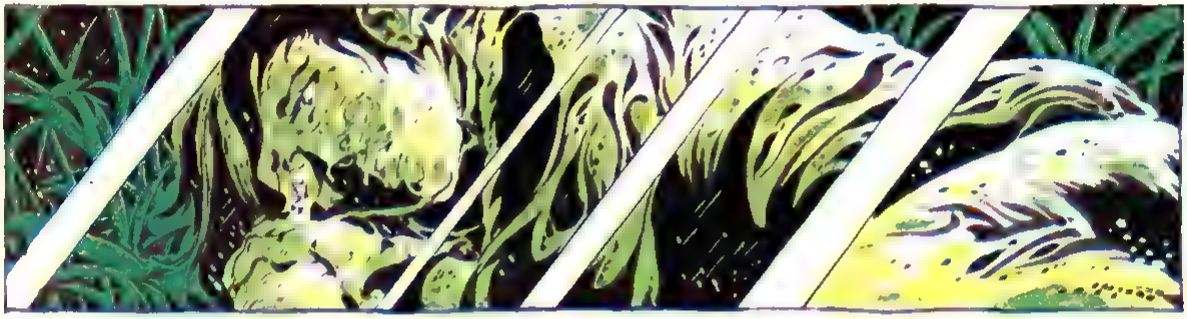
Sometimes they would speak to him; they would speak to each other about him. He heard the sounds, but they had no meaning to him. His eyes were excellent, and could readily distinguish between a smile and a snarl, but neither expression could have any impact on a creature who himself had never laughed or scorned. He was incapable of anticipating anything—the stick that raised, the stone that flew found him unaware. But at their touch he would respond.

He would escape

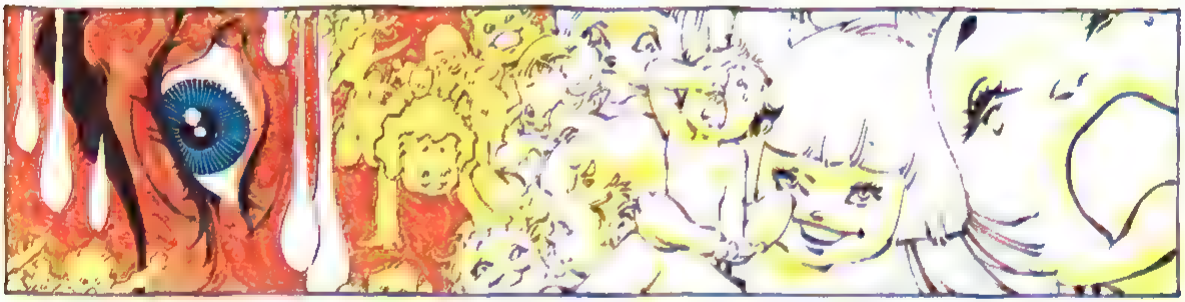
His experience spanned from terror to contentment. He slept like an animal, well and lightly, faced in the opposite direction from a man; for a man going to sleep is about to escape into it while animals are prepared to escape out of it. Like a stone in a peach, a yolk in an egg, he carried another thing.



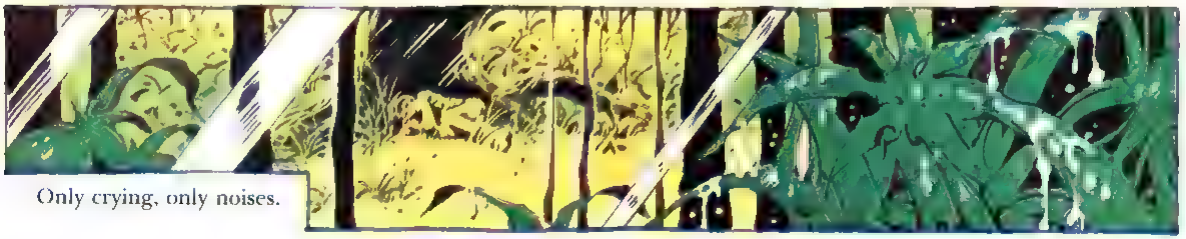
Passive, receptive, awake, alive. It had no function specific to the idiot. He was unaware of this strange inner thing because it was useless to him. This was a thing which only received and recorded. It did this without words, without a code system of any kind. All around it, to its special sense, was a murmur—a sending—in which it soaked itself, absorbed, or perhaps simply fed. The idiot was unaware, but the thing inside—



Without words: *Warm when the wet comes for a little but not enough for long enough.* (Sadly): *Never dark again.* A feeling of pleasure. A sense of subtle crushing and *take away the pink, the scratchy.* Wait, wait, you can go back, yes, *you can go back.* Different but almost as good. (Sleep feelings): *Yes, that's it! That's the–oh!* (Alarm): You've gone too far, come back, come back, come—(a twisting, a sudden cessation, and one less "voice"). . . . *It all rushes up, faster, faster, carrying me.* Answer: *No, no. Nothing rushes. It's still,* something pulls you down on to it, that's all. (Fury): They don't hear us, stupid, stupid . . . *they do* . . . they don't, only crying, only noises.



All impression, depression, dialogue. Radiation, fields of awareness. Murmuring, sending, speaking, sharing from thousands of voices. None, though, for the idiot. Nothing that related to him. Nothing that he could use. He was a poor example of a man, but he was a man; and these voices, they were the voices of children, the very young children, who had not yet learned to stop crying to be heard.

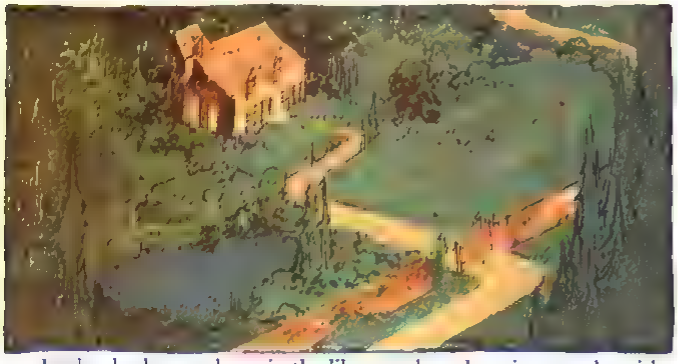


Only crying, only noises.

"I am the very best of fathers and I know all the evil there is, Alicia. You know all the evil which must be avoided, but your sister knows no evil at all." It was Alicia's nineteenth birthday and Mr. Kew had been saying as much to her since she was four, since her mother died giving birth to *Evelyn,* cursing her husband, indignation at last awake and greater than the agony and fear.

"Your sister is purity triple-distilled." When she was sixteen, Alicia heard her father explain how a man went mad if he was alone with a woman. At thirteen, she told him she had a *trouble,* and with tears in his eyes, Mr. Kew said that it was because she had been thinking about her body. He punished her body until Alicia wished it never existed.

They lived in a place cut off and apart. Behind the house there was a brook and a pond, bracketed by bars and cement. This closed circle and the sky above it were Evelyn's entire world.



Evelyn had never been in the library where her sister spoke with her father. She had not been taught to read. Knowledge was given to her when they decided she was ready for it. She had been taught to obey.

Evelyn sat by the pond, glimpsed her ankle, and gasped. She covered it quickly, as Alicia would. The flesh must be disciplined. Father said so.

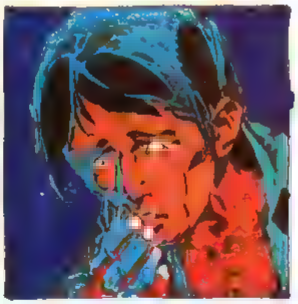
It was the moment of spring when all the world, full of dreamcolors, races for beauty. But there was also a sweet stillness, and that was the puzzle, the delicious tingle

Evelyn longed for more of it

Mr. Kew could not know that even here, in this sheltered rectangle, touches of the forbidden seeped in. Evelyn breathed the enchanted air and wept joy because it was too beautiful to bear.

The idiot was in the woods when he . . . *felt* it.

A blow to his face could have been no more forceful—

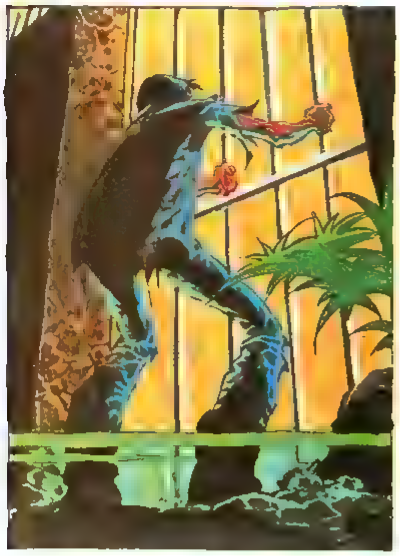


—and he who had never been called, nor responded—

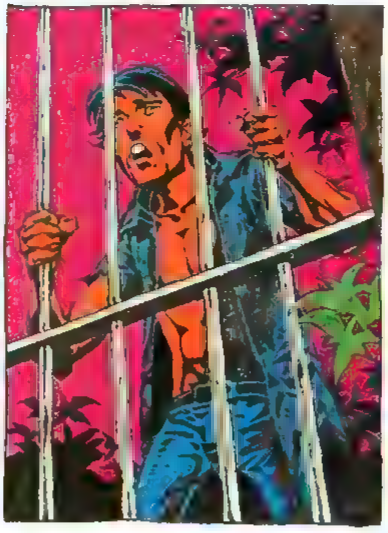
—followed the call, hunting, harking.

The inner seed burst, spreading across his internal gulf, linking his alive and independent core to the half-dead animal around it. Still without words, something spoke to him, now, in his own tongue.

It came to him after a long time, slowly. *The barrier would not yield.*

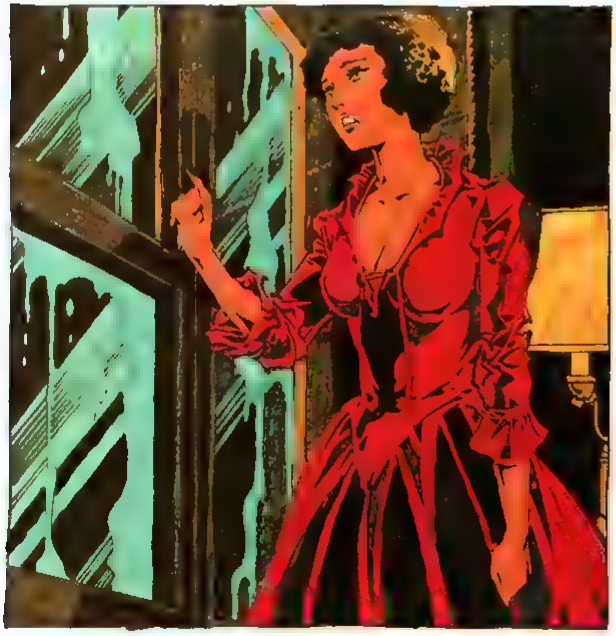


His hands stopped trying, but his eyes would not surrender. They yearned through the iron.



He moved along the bars, an animal pacing the wrong side of the cage, an inner need unable to turn away.

It rained for a day, a night, and half the next day. Evelyn watched and sang, even though she did not know music. She had heard only the chirping of birds and the whisper of wind, and so these things were the sounds of her singing . . . .



But I never touch the gladness
May not touch the gladness
Beauty, oh beauty of touchness
Spread like a leaf, nothing between me
and the sky but light
Rain touches me, wind touches me
Leaves, other leaves, touch and touch me . . .

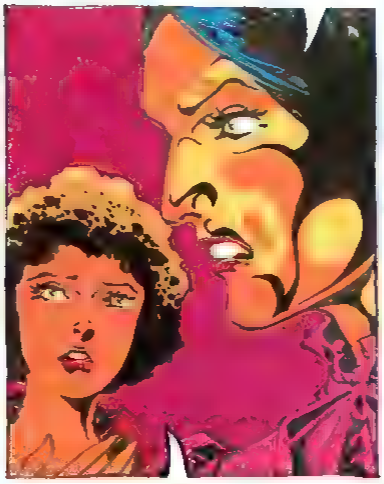
What are you doing, Evelyn? Button up your collar. Were you *talking?*

Talking? Yes, but not to you. *Touch me,* Alicia . . . just . . . *touch* me.

Touch you? We don't *touch* one another! It's *wicked.*

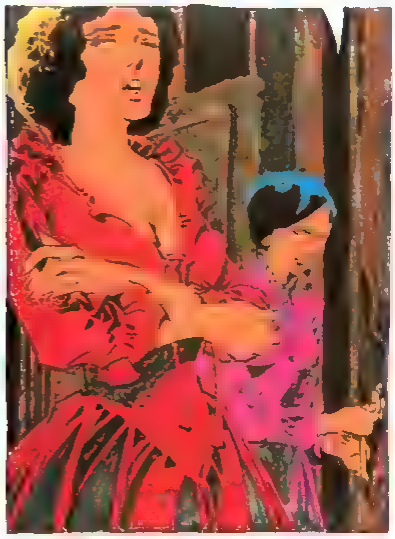
Dark here. There's so much *sun*—I want the sun on me, like a bath, warm all over.

Silly. Then it would be *light* in your bath. We would see our *skin* that way.

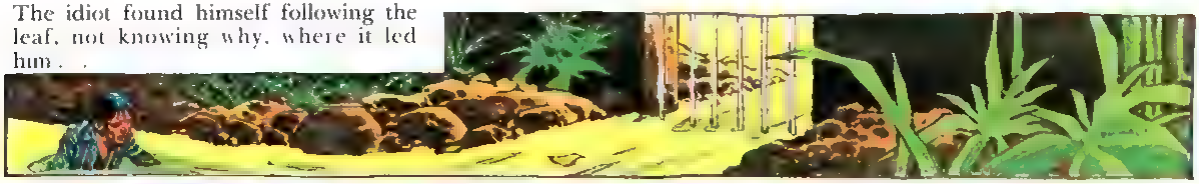


Touch me, Alicia, or I will touch *myself.* I *want* to . . .

Stop it, Evelyn! I shall have to tell *Father!*



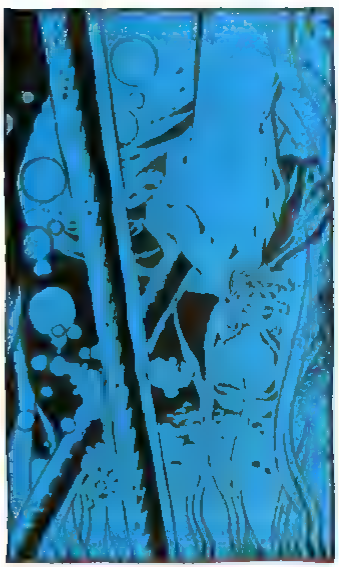
The idiot found himself following the leaf, not knowing why, where it led him . .



One bar rattled. He did not realize it was weakened by rust; it was simply *different.* When it snapped, he inhaled water, coughed pain. The other bars would not move, so he sat hopelessly. Then—

Touch me . . . I want to . . . touch me.

It was that *voice,* the need, the bridge, the awareness. For the first time, the idiot applied reason to a problem.



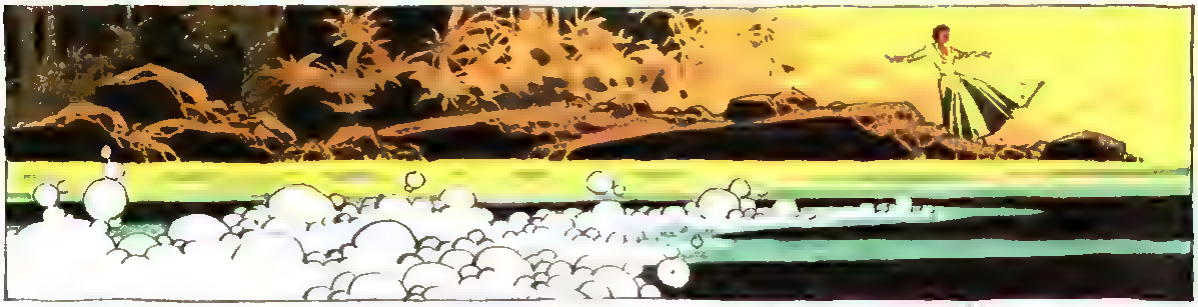
It began to rain . . . all day, all night, half the next day . . . .

Evil, evil—I thought it could be filtered out, but it can't. You're evil, Alicia, because a woman touched you for four years. But not Evelyn—it's in the *blood* and the blood must be *let*. Where *is* she, do you think?

Perhaps outdoors—she likes the pond. I'll go *with* you.

This is for me to do. Stay here. You, too, but *later*.

Father . . .

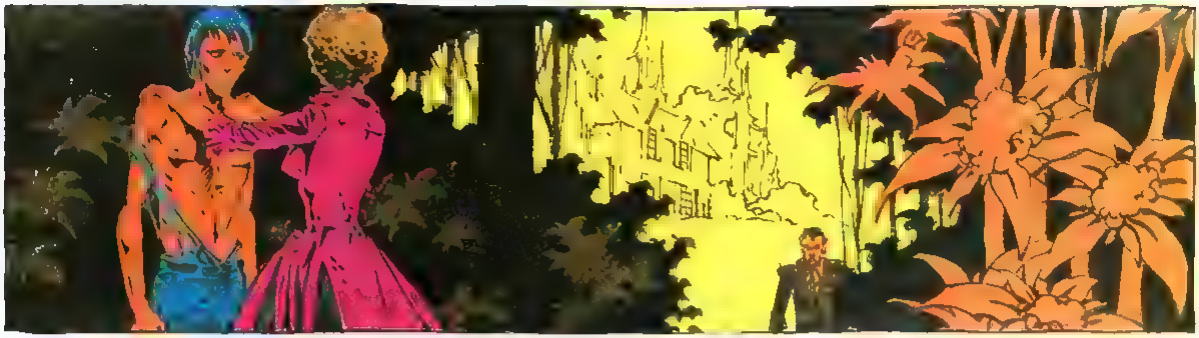


When Evelyn reached the pond, something—an invisible smoke, a magic—lay over it. She was filled with a sense of nearness and she welcomed it, reaching out to the blossoming

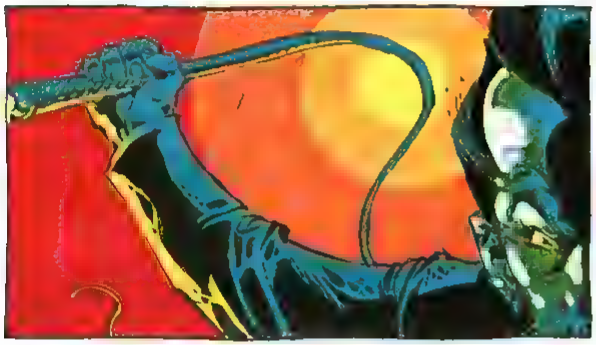
He came up from the magic and she was spellbound, trembling She had known him for days, of course, but only now did their silent hunger and gladness meet and mingle . . . .

Touch me. They did not know what a kiss was, but they had a better thing. They lived in each other, silently, their inner currents surging inward, outward, filling the gulfs of a single need . . . .

They heard nothing, not the footsteps, nor the gasp, nor the terrible bellow of outrage. They were aware of nothing but each other . . .



Then Evelyn's father raised the whip . . .



NOOO!!

AARH!!

Evil—*EVIL!!*

Then, as the whip-handle crushed the consciousness from the girl, something *else* was broken.

. . . and the idiot was again the animal, seeking nothing but escape . . . .

NO! STOP! COME BACK!!

When Alicia saw her father returning, it was not his clothes or his ruined eye. It was something else . . .

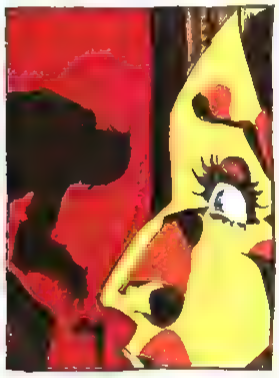
Father! You're hurt–!

She followed him into the library, where he stood at the cabinets she had never seen opened before . . . .

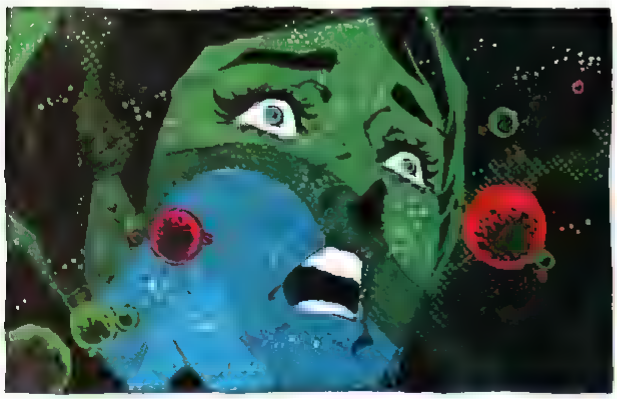
His one good eye pierced her, held her like a squirming insect . . .

. . . and she knew, horrified, that he did not see her at all, but looked at some unknowable horror of his own.

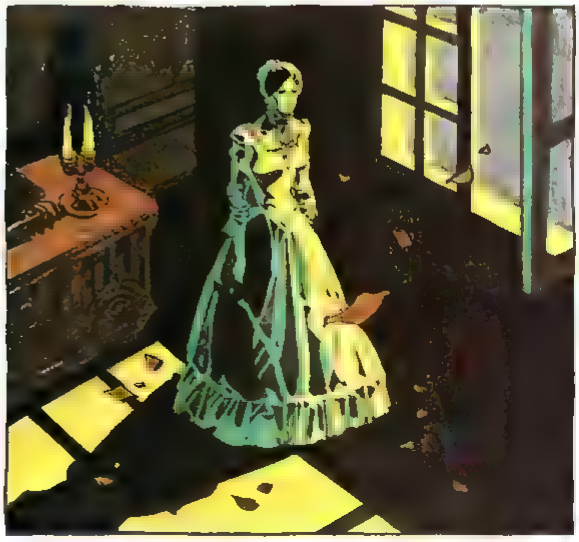
She was never to forget that look. It would be with her forever, even after he pulled the trigger and she screamed his name.



Two whole hours passed, simply black and lost, filled with a pain and silence.

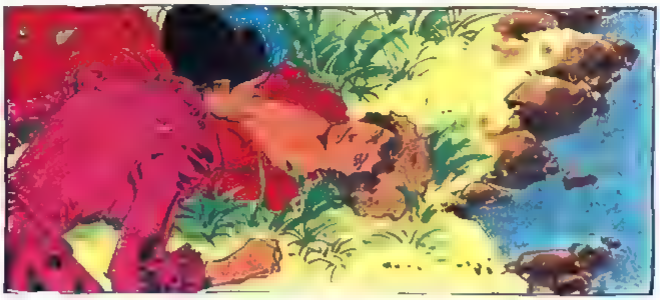


Then aimless whimpering *"What! What's that you say?"* The house did not answer



She found Evelyn by the pool.

"*Father hit me,*" she said calmly. "*I'm going to sleep.*" Alicia whimpered. "*What is it called when a person needs a . . . person . . . and the two are like one thing and there isn't anything at all anywhere?*"



Love—it's a madness. It's bad.

"It *isn't* bad. I had it. Now I'll sleep and I won't ever wake up. I wanted to do something and now I won't be able to do it. *Will you do it for me, Alicia?*" Her sister nodded. "*For me, Alicia. You won't want to!*" Alicia nodded again. "*When the sun is bright, take a bath in it.* Be in the sun like that . . . *move, run.* Run and . . . *jump high.* Make a wind with running and moving. I so wanted that. I didn't know until now that I wanted it and now I . . . *oh, Alicia!* There it is, don't you see? The love—with the sun on its body!" The soft eyes were wide, looking on the darkling sky. Alicia looked up.

She did not see what Evelyn saw and when she looked down again, Alicia knew Evelyn was no longer seeing anymore.

Far off, in the woods beyond the fence there was a rush of weeping. It followed her and followed her, almost to the door, and even then it seemed to go on inside her.

to be continued. . .

continued from page 1

your magazine with their petty nit-picking. Let's face it, *Heavy Metal* isn't perfect, but it's pretty damn close!

Jocelyn Beard Clark
Mahopac, N.Y.

Dear Heavy People,

Great Howard Phillips' Ghost! Could it be no less a power than the feared Cthulhu keeping a hate-filled eye on Den and Company?

Brian Mattys
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Dear Editors,

I am not pleased with you, nor, I am sure, am I alone. In your last issue, eight out of seventeen features end with "to be continued." You have too much enthusiasm for the cheap shot for the buck. . Please consider our happiness. We don't like waiting a month to read more. These tactics really belong to a magazine of lesser quality.

Marc Johnson
Saskatoon, Sack., Canada

Dear Marc: If it's any consolation, we editors have to wait a month as well. Our artists, both here and in Europe, do their things eight pages a month, and that's it. Ed.

Metal Men:

More Moebius! Moebius-less-ness Makes Me Melancholy. Make Me Mirthful. Metal Men: More Moebius!

John "M" Cothran
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Editors,

Your magazine is definitely one of the best. My biggest complaint is that it isn't long enough. I can read a whole issue in a couple of hours, and then I am forced to wait a whole month to get more!

I think Barbarella is great. Show her to all those girls (sic) who keep telling you there're no female heroes in your mag! She certainly has more of a sense of humor than the guys do.

Laura Barrett
Anchorage, Alaska

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. ($5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977. Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben. Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius, the Airtight Garage, Den, and Polonius *redux*, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977. With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, expugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den. Of course you *knew* about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp. ($2.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978. Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual like Den. ($2.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978. In which we learn the evils of witch hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den. ($2.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978. Big deal first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. ($2.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978. Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels, and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. ($2.00)

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GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC

The Passing of the Airwhales

marks the solstice at Point Benton, the equatorial federal pressure stand on the densely atmosphered planet known to Federation colonists as "Benton's Chowder," after eccentric explorer/pioneer Scyr Benton of the Noron system.

The massive segmented "airwhales" swim through the dense atmosphere in herds of fifty or more, searching for algae clouds. The sound of their droning, audible for hundreds of kilometers, excites the algae to a luminous visibility, thereby hastening their demise.

Benton's severe climate tests the adaptability of its creatures greatly. While summers are balmy, with temperatures near 30° C., the drop in winter is often low enough to freeze carbon dioxide out of the atmosphere

In this, a typical summer scene, the damp ground is abloom with firepods, source of the algae and favored food of the shelled rope turtle, or "roper". These animals are similar to mollusks and move about by grasping and pulling their ropelike appendages. Pressure Stand I, in the back left, was built at this location to facilitate study of the quiet "Blue Pond" in the foreground. Quiet and blue it is, but a pond it is not, and Federation scientists are baffled by it. Samples have never been taken of this flat blue thing whose velvet surface either shrinks away from probes or ingests them. Any small metal object tossed onto its surface will lie there undisturbed for eight to ten units, and then sink below the surface, only to reappear sometime later along the pond's perimeter. Organic objects are ingested in a similar manner, but do not reappear. If probed insistently or cut by sector light, the pond will suddenly seep into the ground. In winter only, a rocky depression marks the position of the pond. The roper closes his insulated shell against the cold, looking like nothing more than a common stone. The firepod dies as its body turns to powder in the dry ice storms of winter—only to live again when warm spring winds and rains wash the algae spores into the soil.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B. Kofoed*

What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's brilliantly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine, is one.

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled.

Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its artwork, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost."

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HM-678

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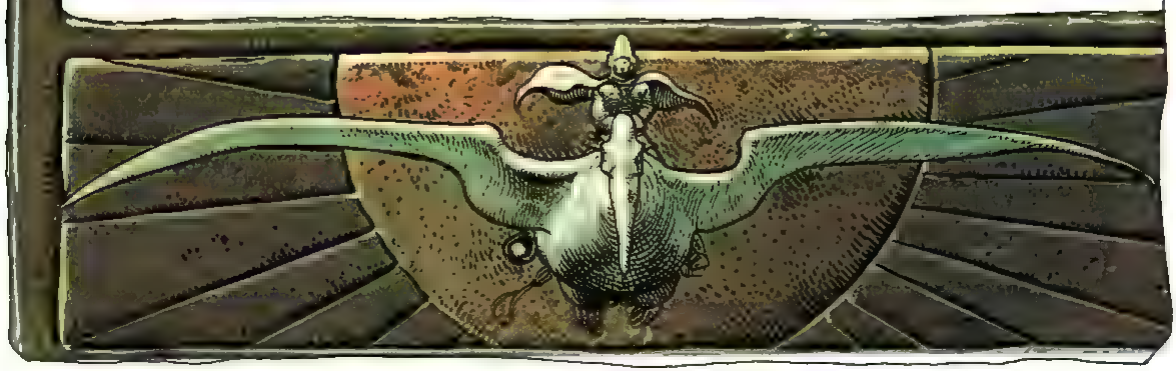


Thanks to

REPORT

Conceived by Denis Sire

V1

We now know more about the diabolical planet!!!

IT WAS A COLD NIGHT THAT OUR FRIENDS ARRIVED ON MERCURY, HAPPY, BUT OBVIOUSLY EXHAUSTED BY THEIR LATEST ADVENTURE !! (AS TOLD IN HEAVY METAL #11).

THE COLONEL PERSONALLY WELCOMED THEM.

VIOLETTA, CAPTAIN, I DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE YOU SO SOON! WAS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT ON VENUS?

GOOD EVENING

A PLEASURE TO GREET YOU, COLONEL LOVECORN!

A LITTLE LATER

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, COLONEL? SHE CAN'T REMAIN IN THIS STATE! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT IT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

ONE OF MY FRIENDS IS A SPECIALIST I'LL ASK HIM TO COME IMMEDIATELY FROM EARTH DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT

INSIDE THE BASE ..

NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK FROM THE DIABOLICAL PLANET, YOU MUST REPORT IN DETAIL EVERYTHING YOU LEARNED THERE!

RIGHT NOW?

WE'RE READY, COLONEL I'LL LET VIOLET SPEAK

GOOD OVER TO YOU FOR REPORT VI!!!

YES! HERE IN THIS ROOM! WE WILL RECORD EVERYTHING YOU SAY!

O.K.

HELLO, IT'S ME SPEAKING .. I'LL TELL YOU FIRST ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF THIS VERY STRANGE PLANET IN THE BEGINNING, IT WAS JUST DEINOS (A LITTLE SATELLITE OF MARS), BUT WHEN THE COMET KLENZER RUSHED BY, IT WAS CARRIED IN ITS SLIPSTREAM AS FAR AS MERCURY . DURING ITS COSMIC PERIPLUS, THE DIABOLICAL PLANET UNDERWENT AN ACCELERATED EVOLUTION, SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT THAN OURS IT WAS THEN THAT THERE APPEARED...

DEINOS

MARS

COMET KLENZER

...IN THE WATERS, HYBRIDS ENDOWED WITH INTELLIGENCE WHICH THEY CALLED FISHKIES...

WHILE ON DRY LAND THERE LIVED LITTLE MEN WITH LEMURIAN EYES WHOSE NOCTURNAL VISION WAS VERY WELL DEVELOPED

THEY LIVED IN THE GREAT TREES OF THE FOREST IN THEIR PEACEFUL LITTLE SOCIETIES, EATING FRUITS AND ROOTS

BUT ! EVERYTHING CHANGED WHEN A ROCKET CRASHED THERE. HIDDEN WITHIN IT WAS A CREW OF ROBOTS WITH ATOMIC HEARTS .

DEPRIVED OF ALL CONTACT WITH EARTH, THEY ESTABLISHED A REIGN OF VIOLENCE AND TERROR ON THE LITTLE PLANET

THE LITTLE MEN OF THE WOODS DEFENDED THEMSELVES AS LONG AS THEY COULD, TRYING TO MAINTAIN THEIR LIFE IN THE TREES FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, IN THE HOPE THAT THE DREADFUL TYRANNY WOULD END

THEIR PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED WHEN SEVERAL YEARS LATER A SECOND SPACESHIP LANDED THERE

THESE MYSTERIOUS TERRESTRIALS (MOST PROBABLY FROM "THE UNION OF UNITED REPUBLICS") EASILY TOOK CONTROL OF THE MAD ROBOTS

TOGETHER THEY BUILT THE CUPOLA, THE NERVE CENTER OF THE PLANET

ENCOURAGED BY THIS SUCCESS, THEY BEGAN NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ALLIANCE WITH THE ABORIGINES, WHO WERE SOMEWHAT SUSPICIOUS, BUT WHO FINALLY GAVE IN...

HA! HA! WONDERFUL!

AND, ONCE THE CITY WAS COMPLETE, THE CHIEF OF THE TERRESTRIAL CREW WAS NAMED COMMANDER OF THE WHOLE PLANET !!

THEN THEY DISCOVERED THAT ANY SPACESHIPS FLYING CLOSE BY.

N25

WOULD CRASH ON THE PLANET AND LOSE RADIO CONTACT WITH EARTH !!

SO, THEY WOULD RANSACK THE WRECKS AND ENLIST THE CREWS... BUT THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR THEM BECAUSE TOO MANY ROCKETS COULD ESCAPE. TO REMEDY THAT SITUATION, THE COMMANDER CREATED THE ASSI*, MADE UP OF SIX FIGHTER PLANES, THREE OF THEM ON PERMANENT DRILL.

SO NOW THE INTERFERENCE ZONE OF THE DIABOLICAL PLANET INTERCEPTED LOST SPACESHIPS BY ANY MEANS IT COULD VERY FEW GOT AWAY !!

*AIR SQUADRON FOR SPECIAL INTERVENTION

I M JUST INTERRUPTING VIOLET FOR A MOMENT TO TELL YOU · IF I ESCAPED THE AS31, IT WAS THANKS TO THE LIGHT WEIGHT AND PHENOMENAL SPEED OF MY ROCKET . NOT TO MENTION THE VASTNESS OF SPACE

THANKS!

WELL, UHH... THE FEW WHO OPPOSED THE COMMANDER'S REIGN WERE ARRESTED AND LOCKED UP IN JAIL ..

. WHERE THEY WERE EVENTUALLY COMMITTED TO THE CARE OF IVANOVITCH STAL, THE SICKEST MIND ON THE PLANET.

VIOLETTA

OOOH! I'VE NEVER TALKED AS MUCH AS I DID TONIGHT

.. COLONEL, MAY I ASK YOU TO PUT THE WHOLE AQUA ROOM AT VIOLET'S DISPOSAL?

ZOMPH!

.. HE WAS THE ONE WHO INVENTED THE GUN WITH THE LIGHT RAYS... WHICH WAS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE SECRET POLICE .. AN ARMY MAY SEEM UNIMPORTANT NOW, BUT WHICH IN FACT CONSTITUTES A REAL THREAT TO THE FUTURE OF THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM !!! IT IS WITH THIS WARNING THAT I END REPORT V.I...

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN, YOU WILL AWAIT ORDERS FROM EARTH, WHICH WILL BE TRANSMITTED TO US AFTER THEY HAVE STUDIED REPORT V.I!... OVER!

MMM WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO DO NOTHING NOW ..

THEN. IN THE AQUA ROOM.

OH. MORRIS, WHAT A NICE POOL! I LIKE IT A LOT!

YOU KNOW, I THINK I'D LIKE TO TAKE A NICE SWIM WITH MY LITTLE DOLPHIN!

THAT REPORT V I GAVE ME A REAL HEADACHE... PLEASE DON'T INSIST NOW, DARLING .. GOOD NIGHT.

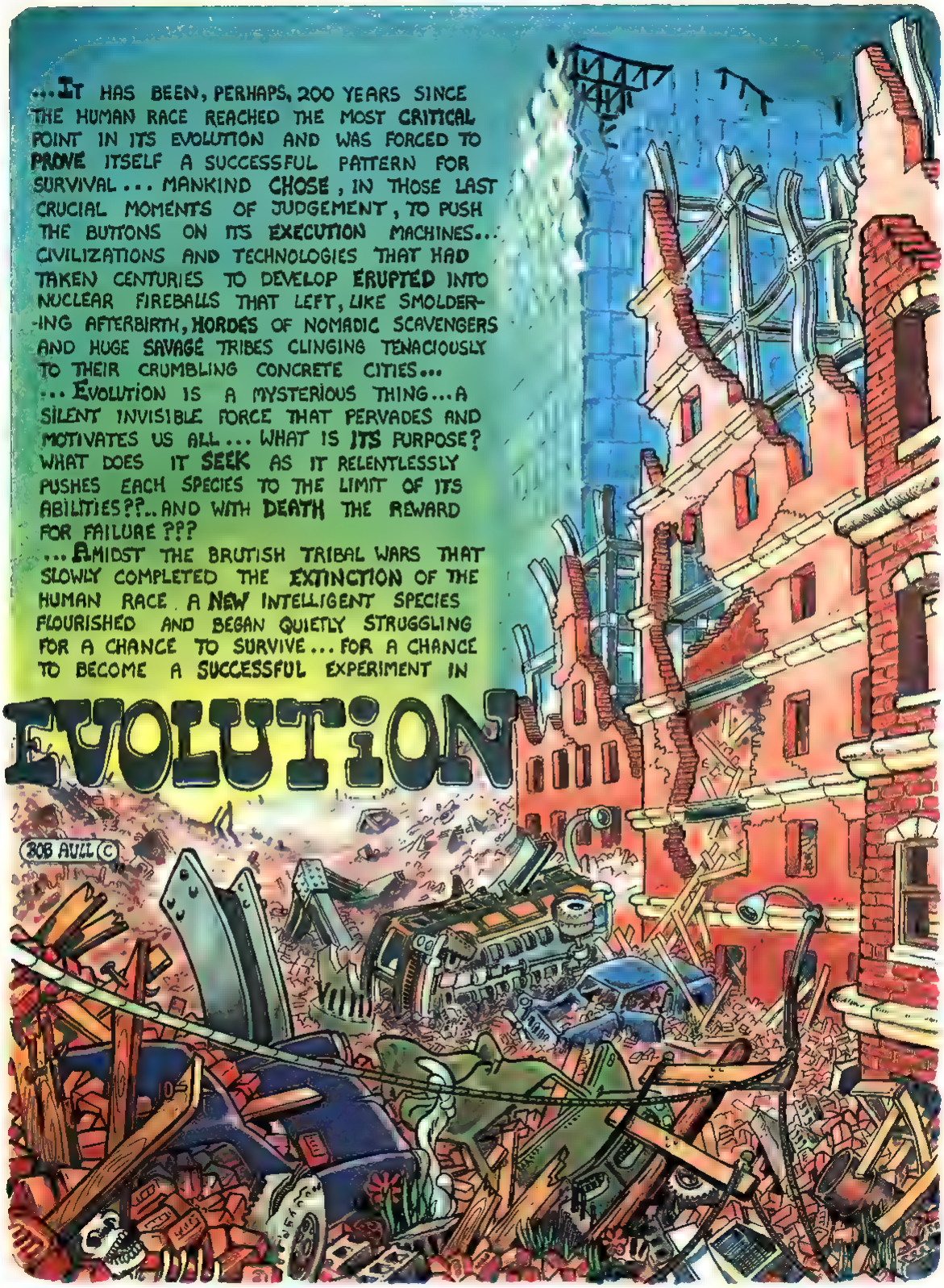
WHA?? WHATEVER YOU LIKE VIOLET. TIL TOMORROW

DISAPPEARING BENEATH THE BLUE WATERS, VIOLETTA REMOVES HER BREATHING ARMOR AND THEN HER BATHING SUIT.

GLUB GLUB... IT IS TIME I DECOMPRESSED A LITTLE!

FIN DE L'EPISODE

AiEEEEEGG
P-TAW... DAMN!!.. DIS CITY-DWELLER IS WEAK!... HE JUST PASSED OUT AGAIN!
LETS MOVE OUT... WE GONNA HAVE TO FIND HIS CAMP OURSELFS...
...HOOPS!... FORGOT SUMPTIN (Hee)...
STOMP!
THATS REALLY THE FUN PART...(CHUCKLE)...
E. 59TH. ST.
MADISON AVE
TOW AWAY ZONE
NO PARKING


...IT HAS BEEN, PERHAPS, 200 YEARS SINCE THE HUMAN RACE REACHED THE MOST CRITICAL POINT IN ITS EVOLUTION AND WAS FORCED TO PROVE ITSELF A SUCCESSFUL PATTERN FOR SURVIVAL... MANKIND CHOSE, IN THOSE LAST CRUCIAL MOMENTS OF JUDGEMENT, TO PUSH THE BUTTONS ON ITS EXECUTION MACHINES... CIVILIZATIONS AND TECHNOLOGIES THAT HAD TAKEN CENTURIES TO DEVELOP ERUPTED INTO NUCLEAR FIREBALLS THAT LEFT, LIKE SMOLDERING AFTERBIRTH, HORDES OF NOMADIC SCAVENGERS AND HUGE SAVAGE TRIBES CLINGING TENACIOUSLY TO THEIR CRUMBLING CONCRETE CITIES...
...EVOLUTION IS A MYSTERIOUS THING...A SILENT INVISIBLE FORCE THAT PERVADES AND MOTIVATES US ALL... WHAT IS ITS PURPOSE? WHAT DOES IT SEEK AS IT RELENTLESSLY PUSHES EACH SPECIES TO THE LIMIT OF ITS ABILITIES??.. AND WITH DEATH THE REWARD FOR FAILURE???
...AMIDST THE BRUTISH TRIBAL WARS THAT SLOWLY COMPLETED THE EXTINCTION OF THE HUMAN RACE. A NEW INTELLIGENT SPECIES FLOURISHED AND BEGAN QUIETLY STRUGGLING FOR A CHANCE TO SURVIVE... FOR A CHANCE TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN
EVOLUTION
BOB AULL ©

SNAP!
HEY-HEY COME QUICK! THERES A WHOPPER ON THE LINE...

SPLASH!
SNAP
FLOP
SPLAT
WWHHHIIZZZ

DAMN! I FORGOT TO BRING THE FRUIT BAG...NOW I HAVE TO GO BACK UP AND GET IT...
WHY DONT YOU TAKE THE YOUNG ONE WITH YOU?...IT WILL GIVE ME MORE TIME TO CLEAN FISH.
HEH-HEH-I KNOW WHAT YA MEAN...COME-ON JUNIOR LETS GO FOR A WALK....

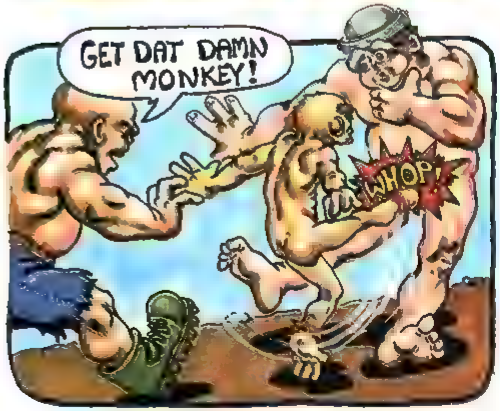
EEEE

AAAHHH...
HEY!...ME FOURTH!

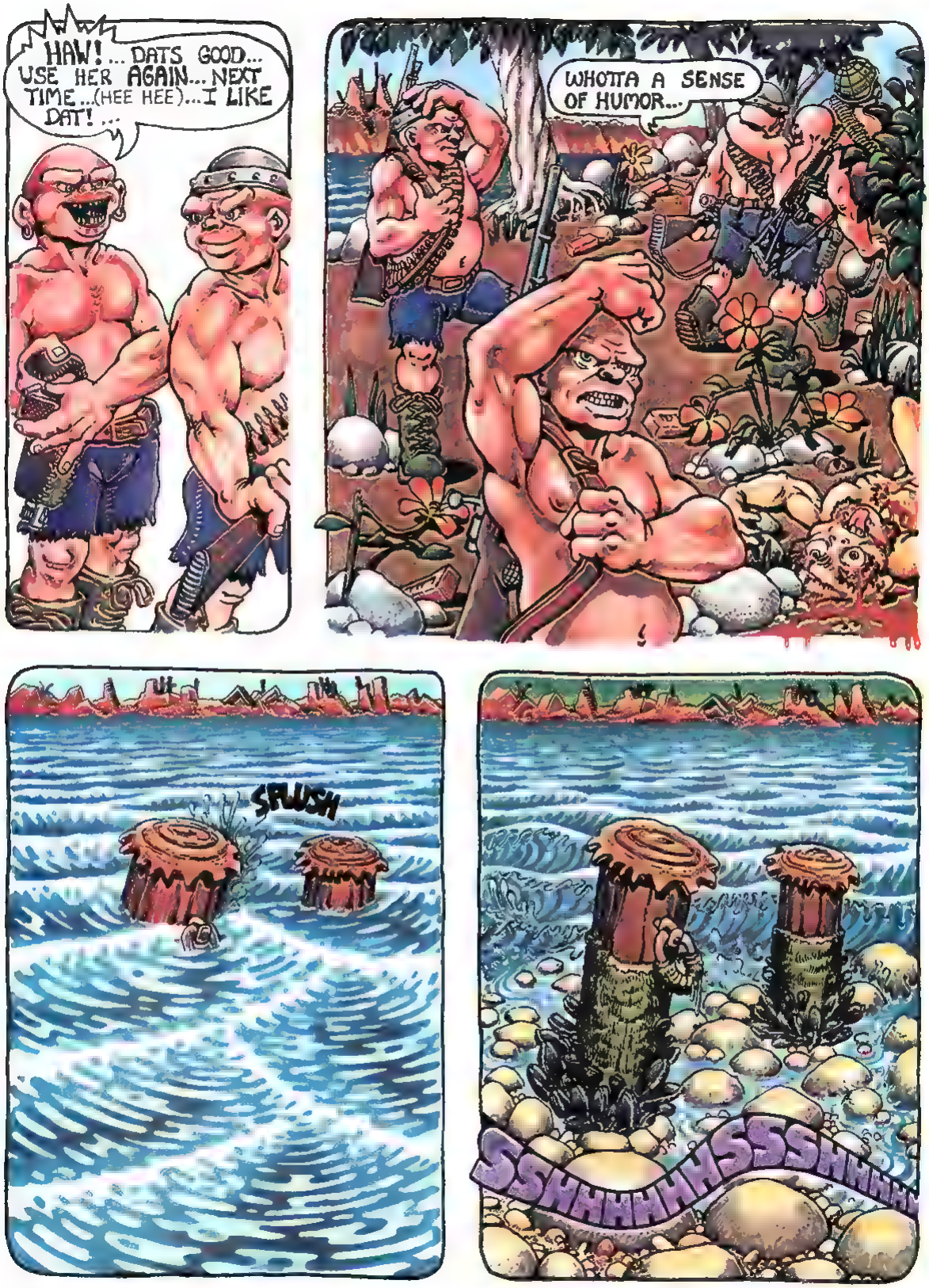
LOOK OUT!

YAAUGH!
CRACK!

GAK
WHIZZ!
WUK


GET DAT DAMN MONKEY!
WHOP!

BASH!
BASH!
BASH!
AAAAGGG...
ARRGG!
WHIP!
KRAK
WHOP
THUD!
CLICK
BOOM
CLUP
@*!!@**$% FUKIN'
PISSASS *@!$@MONKY
!@$@SUMBITCH!
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
HO! ...NO KILL THA' FEMALE...(CHUCKLE)... SOMETIME WE USE HER AGAIN...JA?


HAW!... DATS GOOD... USE HER AGAIN... NEXT TIME...(HEE HEE)...I LIKE DAT!...
WHOTTA A SENSE OF HUMOR...
SPLUSH
SSHHHHHHSSSSHHHH

...MA-MA?
EEEEOOOO
CHOKE!
SNIFFLE SNIFF

THERE'S A SMALL CAMP...MABYE A DOZEN. WE CAN TAKE 'EM IF WE HIT HARD!
AWRIGHT... LETS SPREAD OUT
...READY.?
BERRRADA DA DA DA DA!
BLAM! BLAM!
BOOM BOOM
AAAAAAAA!
SPURB
SPUT!
WUB

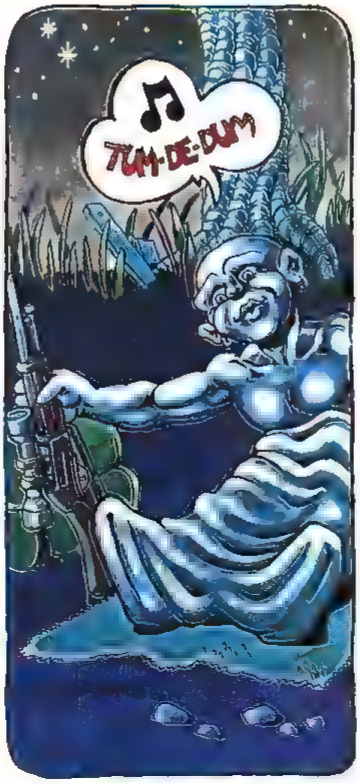
POOM
POOM
GURSH
THUNK!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BOB AUL
BOOM
BOOM
SPLAT
PUNT!
PUNT!
BOOM!
PUNT!
WHOLE
SLUMP
OOOGH!
THUD
DUDDA-DUT-DUT-DUT-DA-DUDDA-DUT-DA...

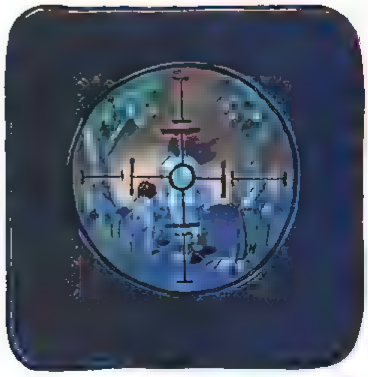
SHEE-IT THEY IS ALL DEAD... DATS TOO BAD... THEY CANT SHARE IN ALL DIS GREAT LOOT!
TCH TCH
OOOEE!... A REMCHESTER 32! ...THESE BRING BIG BUCKS AT THA' TRADERS MARKET!
I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO LIVE OFF DIS STUFF FOR MONTHS!...
WHAT A GREAT DAY!
WHISKEY AN' WIMMENS MMMMM... ZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZ
ZZZZ
CRUNCH!
THE MONKEY!
CLICK!
KLUNK!

?

WELL DAMN!...I HAS LUCKED OUT!


TUM-DE-DUM



KUNK!
LOOKY HERE!..A PACK RAT...WITH LOADS OF STOLEN GOODIES!
NICE CUTTIN'... HARDLY ANY BLOOD.
YAH!..COMES WITH PRACTICE... S'MORE ANTS?
THE ENDS
BOB AULL

HE'S A MAVERICK--
IN AN AGE WHEN
THEY KILL MAVERICKS...
WHOLESALE!

BEYOND THE BLACK PANTHER!
BEYOND KILLRAVEN!

Sabre...

HE'S FIGHTING YOUR FIGHT--
AGAINST THE DEATH OF
INDIVIDUALITY!

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--TEAM TO PRESENT THE KIND
OF COMIC CHARACTER WHO
COULD NEVER BE DONE IN
ESTABLISHMENT COMICS.

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PERSONAL VISIONS!
SOFT CARING!
INTENSE EROTICISM!

SABRE!

IMAGINATIVE, FLAMBOYANT
SPECTACLE!
ROMANCE AND PASSION!

THE KIND OF DISPLAYS FROWNED
UPON IN OUR STRUCTURED
SOCIETY. IT'S ALL HERE, WITH
A WRAPAROUND COVER
PAINTING BY GULACY.

AN *ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES*
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USE ORDER FORM BELOW.

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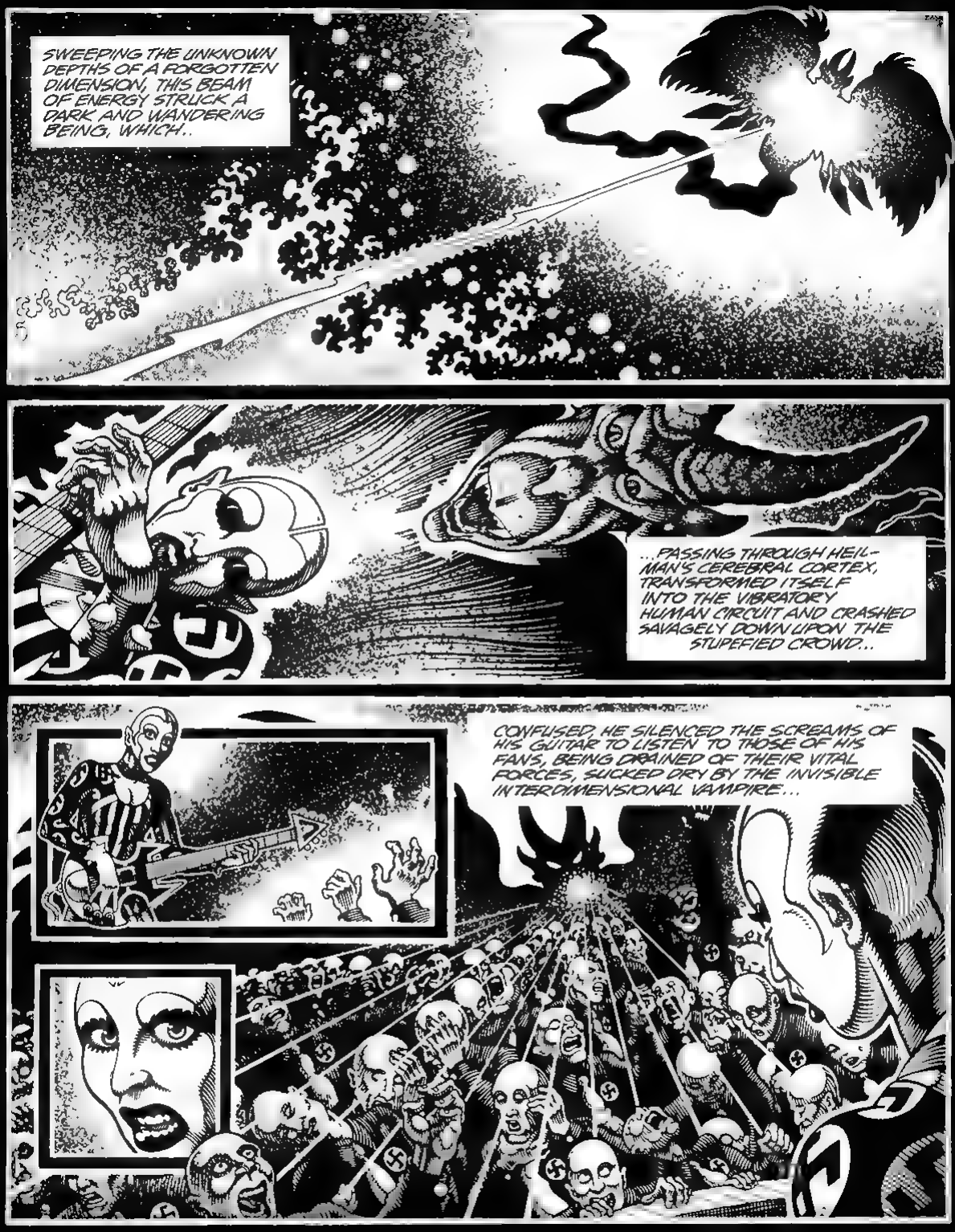
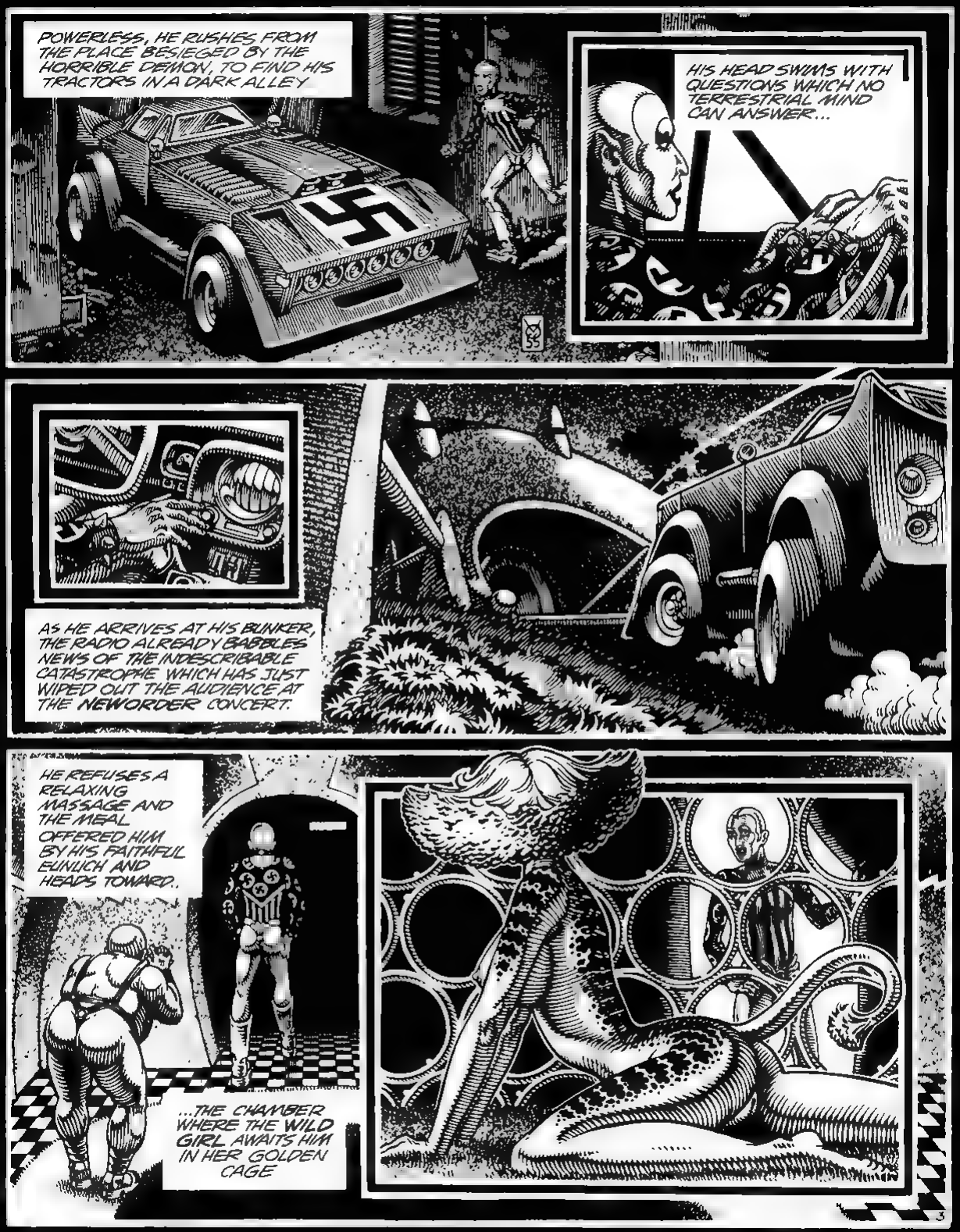
SABRE

IT'S THE KIND
OF COMIC NOVEL
YOU'D CHOOSE...
IF THEY GAVE
YOU A CHOICE!

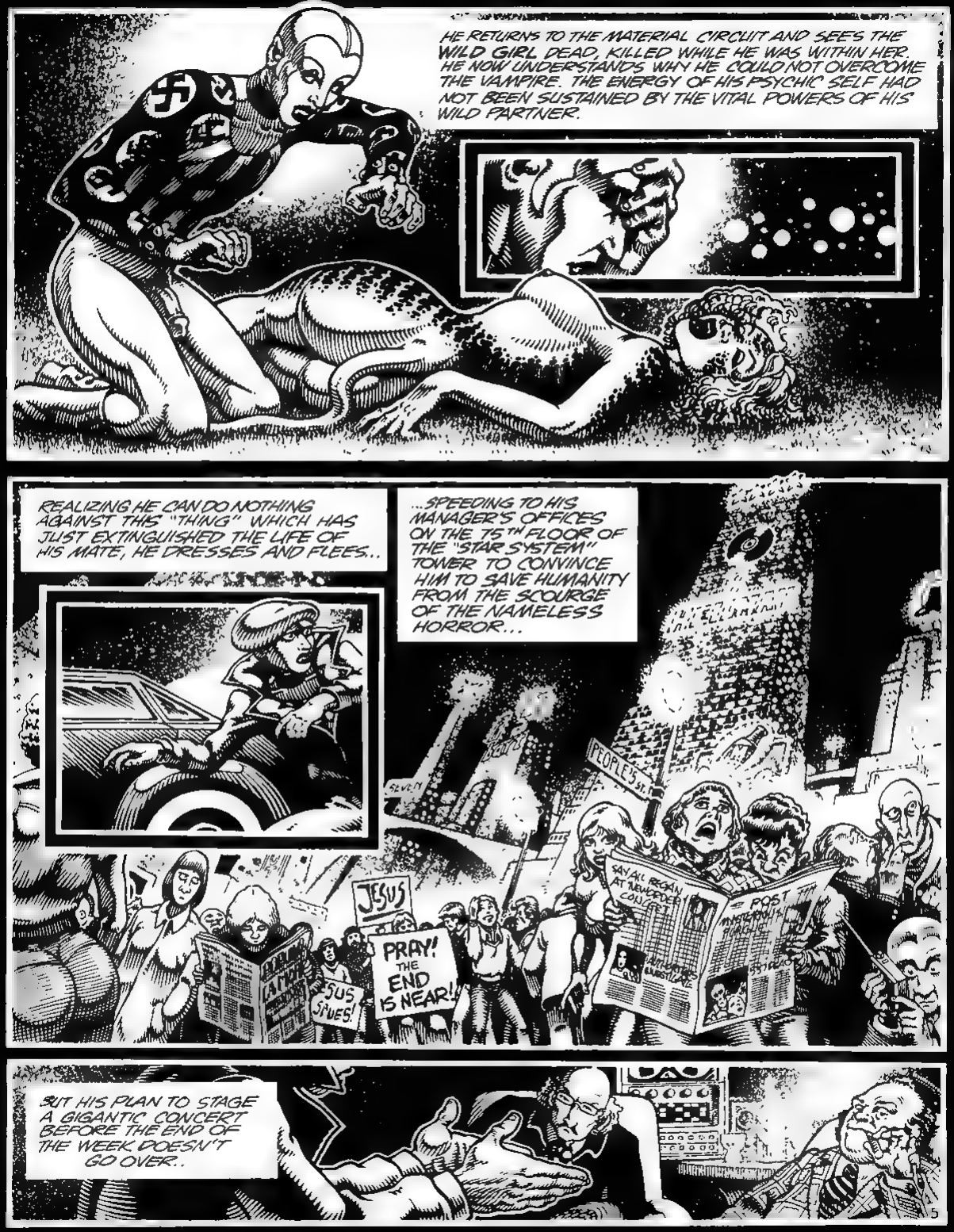
HELLMAN

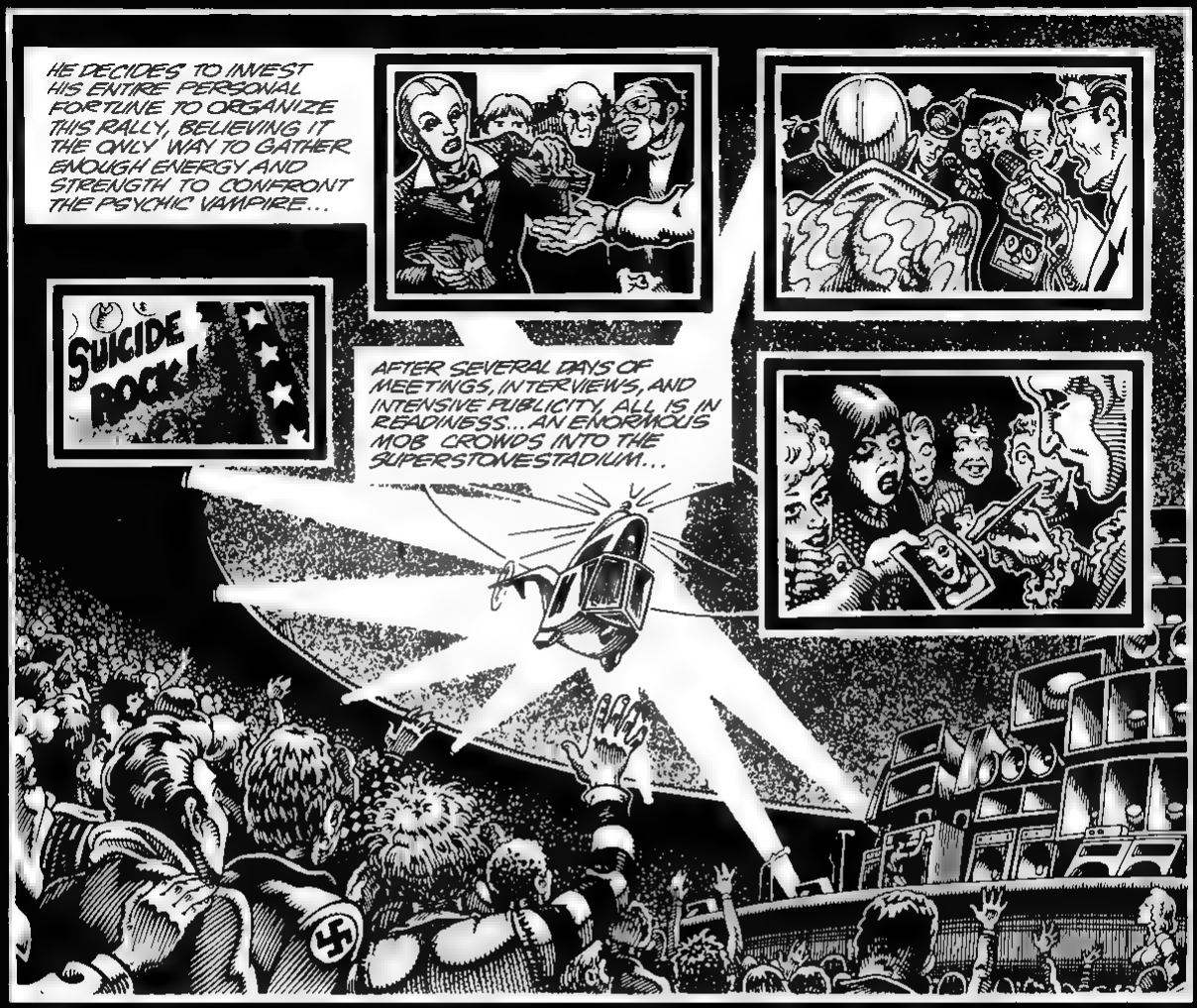
HELLMAN
AS HE STRUCK CHORD AFTER SCREAMING CHORD, HE COULD FEEL THE CROWD, UNSEEN IN THE SURROUNDING DARKNESS, SHUDDER LIKE AN INVISIBLE MONSTER...
HE CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE STAGE TO PEER AT THEM, SHUFFLING ALONG IN HIS BOOTS LIKE A TAMED BEAST...
SUDDENLY, THE ENERGY OF THEIR MUTED HYSTERIA SWEPT OVER HIM LIKE A WAVE OF LAVA...
CRASHING IN THE CENTER OF HIS CEREBRAL CORTEX, EXPLODING LIKE A HALLUCINATORY SKYROCKET...
ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS, HE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO CONCENTRATE THE FORCES OVERWHELMING HIM INTO A PSYCHIC LASER RAY...

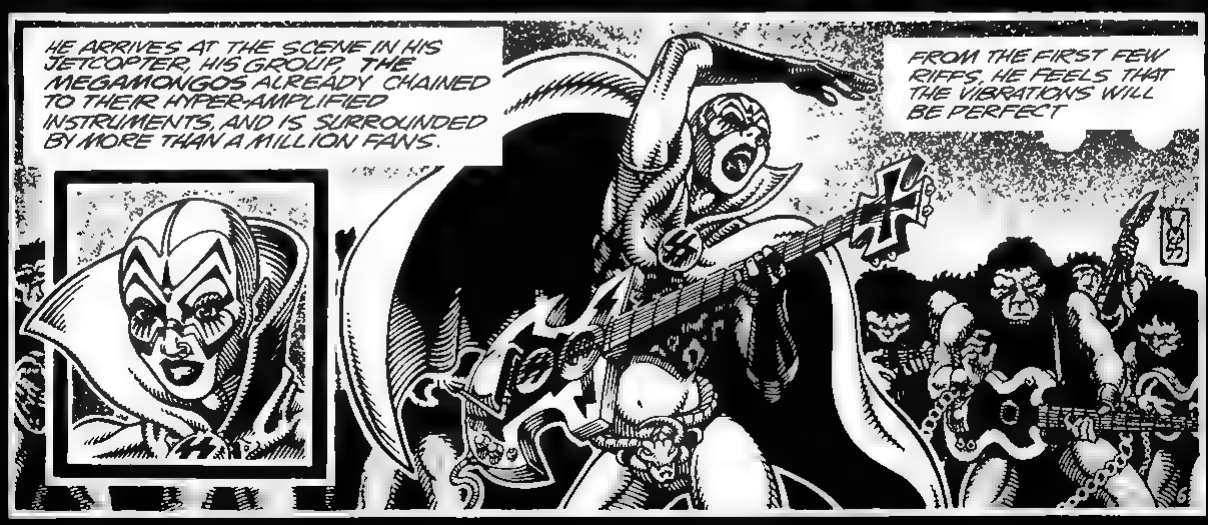

SWEEPING THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF A FORGOTTEN DIMENSION, THIS BEAM OF ENERGY STRUCK A DARK AND WANDERING BEING, WHICH..
...PASSING THROUGH HEIL-MAN'S CEREBRAL CORTEX, TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO THE VIBRATORY HUMAN CIRCUIT AND CRASHED SAVAGELY DOWN UPON THE STUPEFIED CROWD..
CONFUSED, HE SILENCED THE SCREAMS OF HIS GUITAR TO LISTEN TO THOSE OF HIS FANS, BEING DRAINED OF THEIR VITAL FORCES, SUCKED DRY BY THE INVISIBLE INTERDIMENSIONAL VAMPIRE...


POWERLESS, HE RUSHES FROM THE PLACE BESIEGED BY THE HORRIBLE DEMON, TO FIND HIS TRACTORS IN A DARK ALLEY.
HIS HEAD SWIMS WITH QUESTIONS WHICH NO TERRESTRIAL MIND CAN ANSWER...
AS HE ARRIVES AT HIS BUNKER, THE RADIO ALREADY BABBLES NEWS OF THE INDESCRIBABLE CATASTROPHE WHICH HAS JUST WIPED OUT THE AUDIENCE AT THE NEWORDER CONCERT.
HE REFUSES A RELAXING MASSAGE AND THE MEAL OFFERED HIM BY HIS FAITHFUL EUNUCH AND HEADS TOWARD..
...THE CHAMBER WHERE THE WILD GIRL AWAITS HIM IN HER GOLDEN CAGE

HE MATES WITH HER, AFTER THE APPROPRIATE FOREPLAY WITH THE WHIP... THE POWERFUL WAVE OF ENERGY GENERATED BY THE UNION OF THEIR COMPLEMENTARY POLARITIES FLINGS HIS CONSCIOUSNESS INTO THE MURKY DIMENSION WHICH IS INHABITED BY THE VERY BEING HE HAD CONJURED AT THE CONCERT.
HIS SCHIZOID DOUBLE DRIFTS FOR A WHILE ACROSS THE MISTS OF A PARALLEL UNIVERSE AND HE BEHOLDS IT, MORE TERRIFYING THAN BEFORE, ENGORGED AS IT IS BY THE ESSENCE OF ITS VICTIMS..
HE RESISTS THE DEMON'S ATTACK, BUT HIS STRENGTH SLOWLY LEAVES HIM, FORCING HIM TO REINTEGRATE WITH HIS PHYSICAL BODY...


HE RETURNS TO THE MATERIAL CIRCUIT AND SEES THE WILD GIRL DEAD, KILLED WHILE HE WAS WITHIN HER. HE NOW UNDERSTANDS WHY HE COULD NOT OVERCOME THE VAMPIRE. THE ENERGY OF HIS PSYCHIC SELF HAD NOT BEEN SUSTAINED BY THE VITAL POWERS OF HIS WILD PARTNER.
REALIZING HE CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST THIS "THING" WHICH HAS JUST EXTINGUISHED THE LIFE OF HIS MATE, HE DRESSES AND FLEES..
...SPEEDING TO HIS MANAGER'S OFFICES ON THE 75TH FLOOR OF THE "STAR SYSTEM" TOWER TO CONVINCE HIM TO SAVE HUMANITY FROM THE SCOURGE OF THE NAMELESS HORROR...
PEOPLE'S ST.
JESUS
PRAY! THE END IS NEAR!
JESUS SAVES!
SAY ALL BEGAN AT NEWBORDER COLLEGE
POST
BUT HIS PLAN TO STAGE A GIGANTIC CONCERT BEFORE THE END OF THE WEEK DOESN'T GO OVER..


HE DECIDES TO INVEST HIS ENTIRE PERSONAL FORTUNE TO ORGANIZE THIS RALLY, BELIEVING IT THE ONLY WAY TO GATHER ENOUGH ENERGY AND STRENGTH TO CONFRONT THE PSYCHIC VAMPIRE...
SUICIDE ROCK!
AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF MEETINGS, INTERVIEWS, AND INTENSIVE PUBLICITY, ALL IS IN READINESS... AN ENORMOUS MOB CROWDS INTO THE SUPERSTONESTADIUM...


HE ARRIVES AT THE SCENE IN HIS JETCOPTER, HIS GROUP, THE MEGAMONGOS ALREADY CHAINED TO THEIR HYPER-AMPLIFIED INSTRUMENTS, AND IS SURROUNDED BY MORE THAN A MILLION FANS.
FROM THE FIRST FEW RIFFS, HE FEELS THAT THE VIBRATIONS WILL BE PERFECT

THE APOCALYPTIC SCREAMS OF HIS GUITAR UNLEASH MASS HYSTERIA...
...FORCING HIM TO MAKE SUPERHUMAN EFFORT TO CONTROL, STRUCTURE, AND CHANNEL THE MEGATONS OF PURE ENERGY ASSAILING HIM...
AND AT THAT MOMENT THE INFERNAL CREATURE ATTACKED HIM, SO THAT HE MIGHT USE HIM AS HIS MEDIUM TO REACH THE SOUL OF MAN...
BENEATH THE VIOLENCE OF THE IMPACT, HE FALLS BEFORE THE MINDLESS MASS, WHO HAVE NO DOUBTS THAT THEY ARE WITNESS TO HIS DEATH PERFORMED..

HE RESISTS THE INVISIBLE ASSAULT, MUSTERING TOGETHER EVERY PARTICLE OF STRENGTH PROJECTED BY THE UNLEASHED CROWD, AND SUCCEEDS IN DRIVING THE VAMPIRE BACK INTO THE DEEPEST CIRCUITS OF TIME AND SPACE...
WITH A LAST THRUST, HE REPELS INTO THE ABYSMAL DIMENSION FROM WHICH HE CAME, AND TO WHICH HE WILL NEVER RETURN...

FINALLY, IN A DEAFENING EXPLOSION OF DISCORDANT AND DISTORTED NOTES, HE COLLAPSES...
. NEVER AGAIN TO RISE'
TO BE CONTINUED.
8

BARBARELLA

MEANWHILE, THE PLANET WILLIAM IV ADMIRES ITS NEW MOON AND CELEBRATES IN ADVANCE ITS VICTORY OVER ITS ADVERSARIES...
WELL! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, COMRADE-LOCKSMITH?
I'M TROUBLED, COMRADE, TROUBLED! I HAVE MY DOUBTS!
THE COUNSEL OF THE GREAT DESIGNER WON'T HAVE DOUBTS FOR LONG!

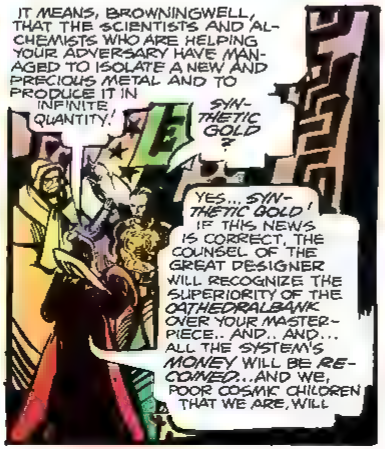
F YOUR INFORMERS SPEAK THE TRUTH, SPOONLOVE, AND THE IMAGES WHICH APPEAR ON THIS SCREEN ARE NOT FAKE, THEN OUR FRIEND BROWNINGWELL'S MASTERPIECE MAY VERY WELL SEEM RATHER SIMPLE AND CRUDE TO THE JURY'S EYES...
GO CALL THE MASTER BUILDER HIMSELF!

YOU SUMMONED ME, COMRADES? HAS THE COUNSEL OF THE GREAT DESIGNER FIXED THE DATE YET FOR THE MASTERPIECE COMPETITION?
NOT YET... AND THE LATER IT DOES THE BETTER..

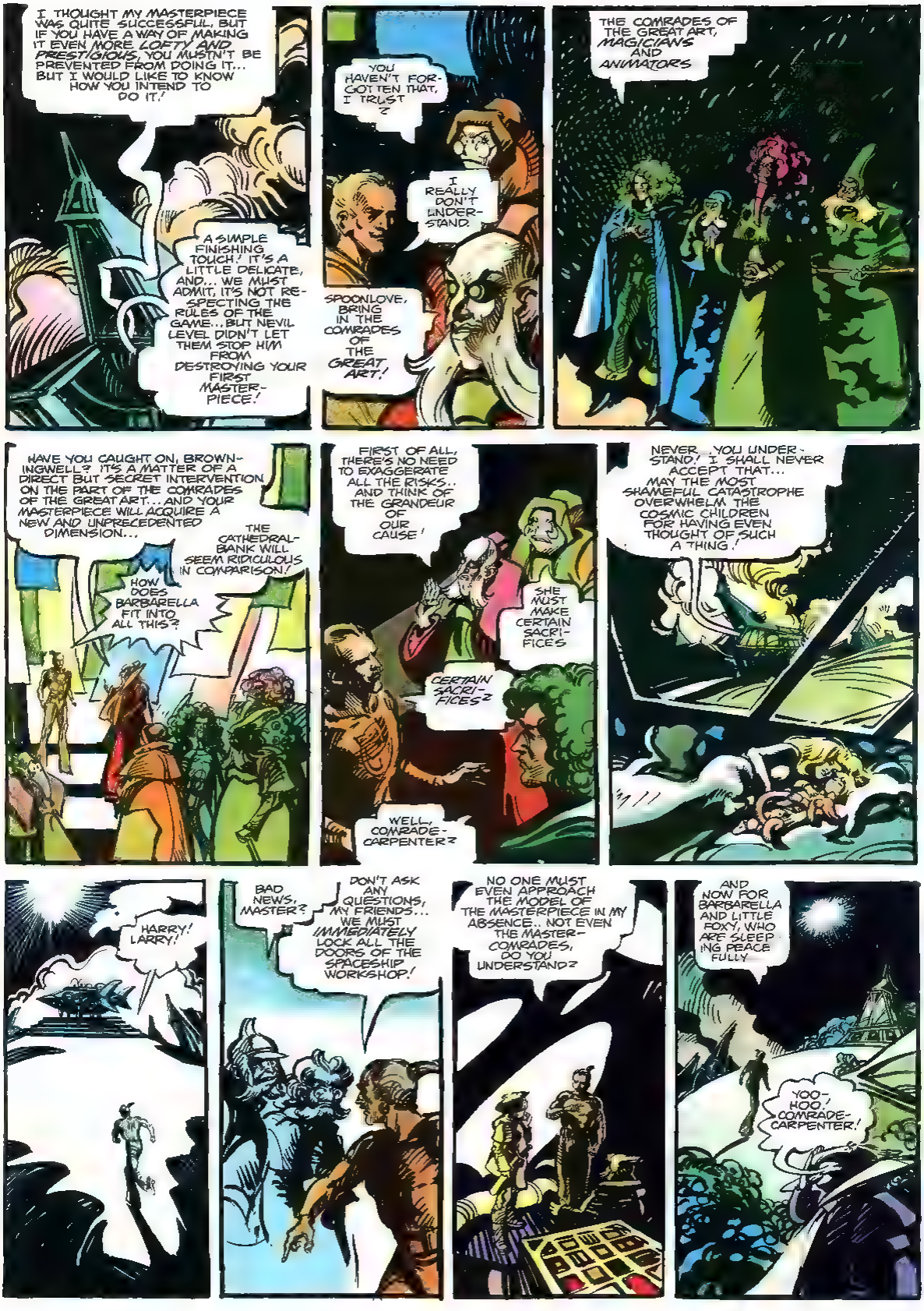
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... MY MASTERPIECE IS FINISHED... NOW ALL THE TELESCOPES IN THIS UNIVERSE WILL BE TRAINED ON BARBARELLA... I MEAN, ON 'SCIENCE LIGHTING THE WORLD'!
ALL TELESCOPES TRAIN ON SOMETHING...

THEY'RE MEANT TO DO THAT, LIKE WAVES ARE MEANT TO CARRY NEWS FROM ONE WORLD TO THE NEXT... NEWS, BOTH GOOD AND BAD'
AND WHAT NEWS HAVE THE WAVES BROUGHT YOU NOW?

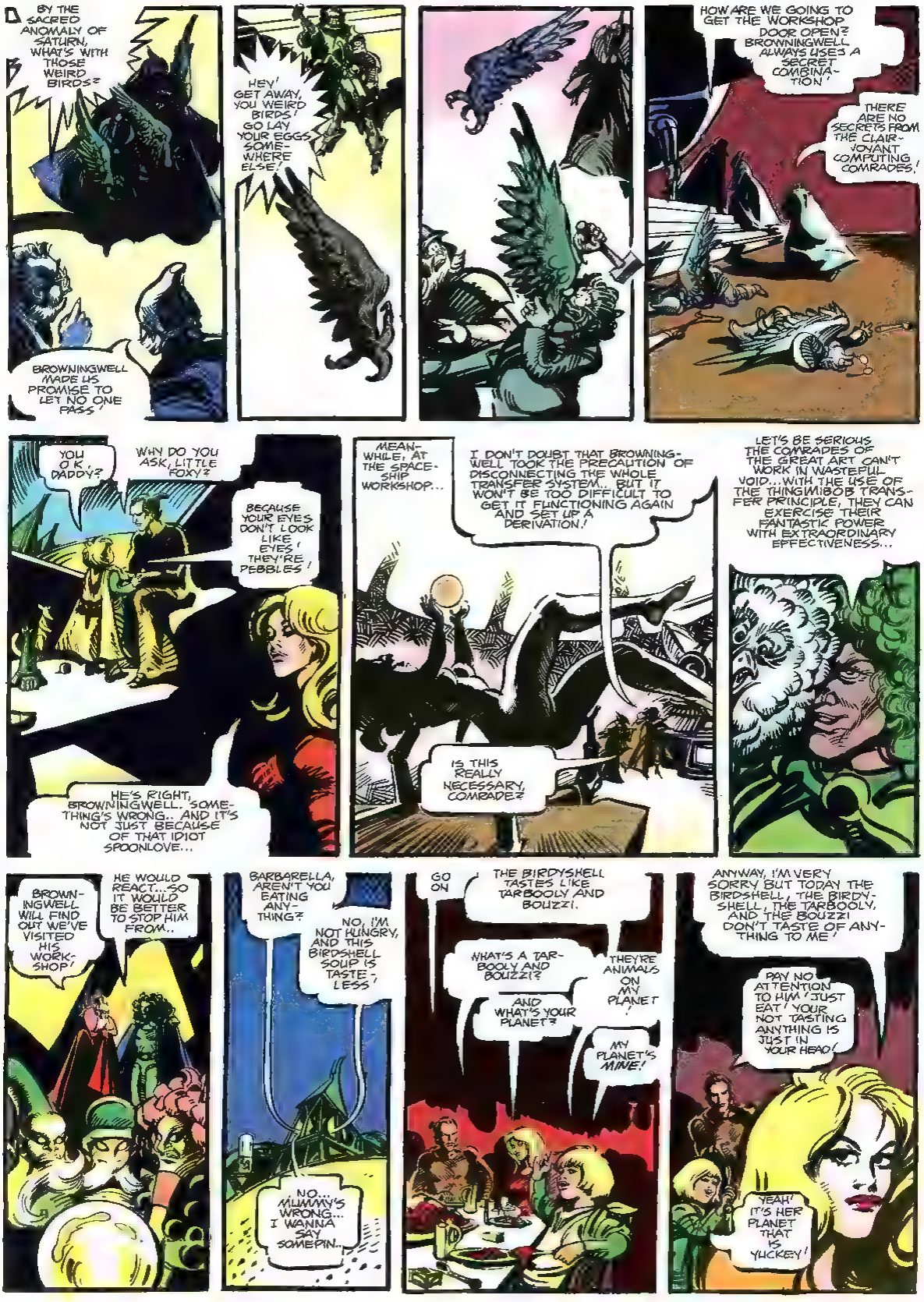
NEVIL LEVEL HAS FINISHED HIS MASTERPIECE AND HIS CATHEDRAL-BANK MINTS MONEY!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

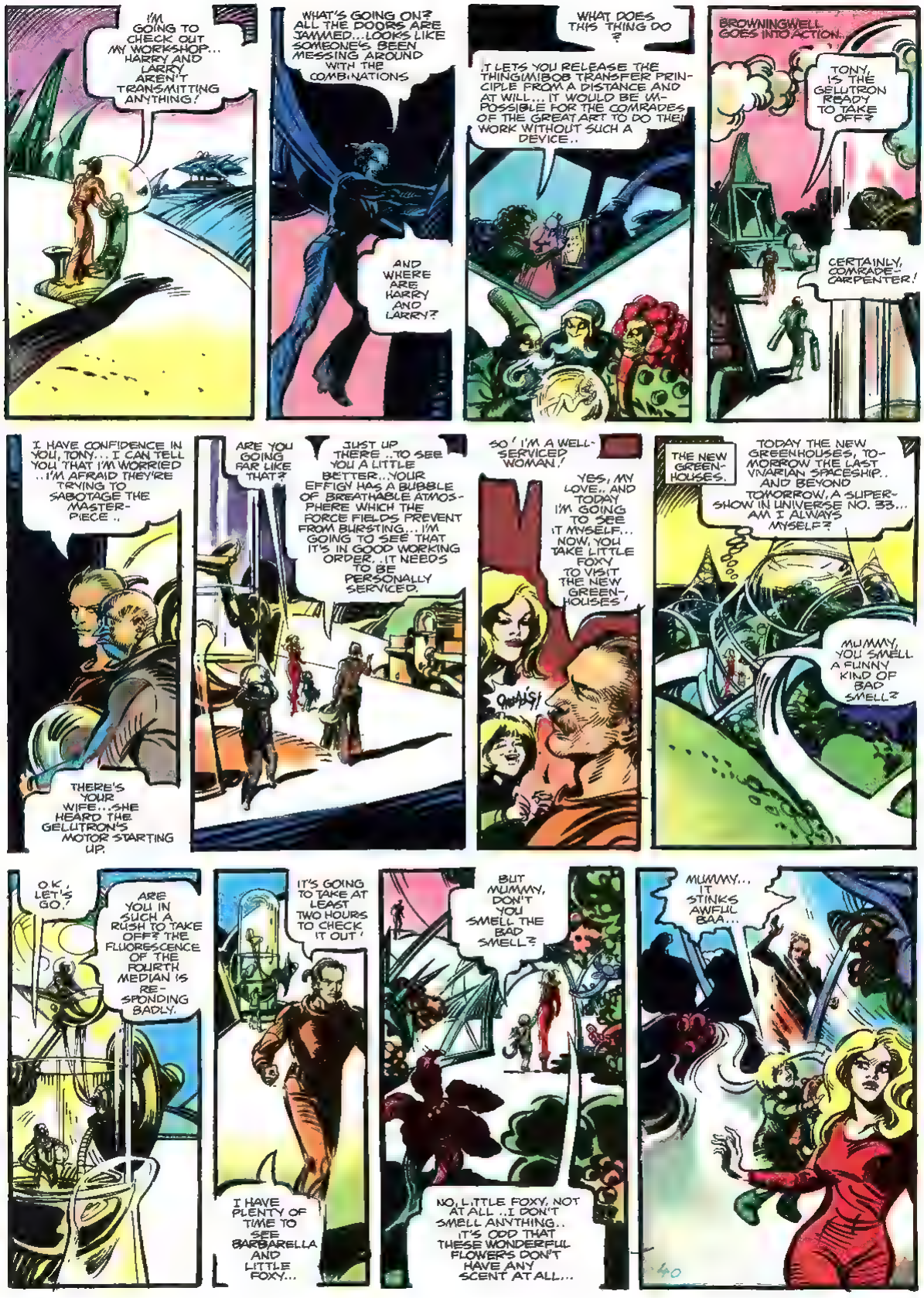

IT MEANS, BROWNINGWELL, THAT THE SCIENTISTS AND ALCHEMISTS WHO ARE HELPING YOUR ADVERSARY HAVE MANAGED TO ISOLATE A NEW AND PRECIOUS METAL AND TO PRODUCE IT IN INFINITE QUANTITY!
SYNTHETIC GOLD?
YES... SYNTHETIC GOLD! IF THIS NEWS IS CORRECT, THE COUNSEL OF THE GREAT DESIGNER WILL RECOGNIZE THE SUPERIORITY OF THE CATHEDRALBANK OVER YOUR MASTERPIECE.. AND.. AND... ALL THE SYSTEM'S MONEY WILL BE RECOINED..AND WE, POOR COSMIC CHILDREN THAT WE ARE, WILL

I SEE, I SEE AND HOW CAN WE AVOID THIS CATASTROPHE?
BY GIVING YOUR ALREADY FINE MASTERPIECE A LOFTY AND PRESTIGIOUS QUALITY... SOMETHING UNPRECEDENTED.. SOMETHING THAT WILL CRUSH ALL THE PRETENTIONS OF OUR ADVERSARIES!


I THOUGHT MY MASTERPIECE WAS QUITE SUCCESSFUL, BUT IF YOU HAVE A WAY OF MAKING IT EVEN MORE LOFTY AND PRESTIGIOUS, YOU MUSTN'T BE PREVENTED FROM DOING IT... BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU INTEND TO DO IT.'
A SIMPLE FINISHING TOUCH.' IT'S A LITTLE DELICATE, AND... WE MUST ADMIT, IT'S NOT RESPECTING THE RULES OF THE GAME... BUT NEVIL LEVEL DIDN'T LET THEM STOP HIM FROM DESTROYING YOUR FIRST MASTER-PIECE!'
YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT, I TRUST?
I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND.
SPOONLOVE, BRING IN THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART.'
THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART, MAGICIANS AND ANIMATORS
HAVE YOU CAUGHT ON, BROWNINGWELL? IT'S A MATTER OF A DIRECT BUT SECRET INTERVENTION ON THE PART OF THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART... AND YOUR MASTERPIECE WILL ACQUIRE A NEW AND UNPRECEDENTED DIMENSION...
THE CATHEDRAL-BANK WILL SEEM RIDICULOUS IN COMPARISON!
HOW DOES BARBARELLA FIT INTO ALL THIS?
FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S NO NEED TO EXAGGERATE ALL THE RISKS.. AND THINK OF THE GRANDEUR OF OUR CAUSE!
SHE MUST MAKE CERTAIN SACRIFICES
CERTAIN SACRIFICES?
WELL, COMRADE-CARPENTER?
NEVER.. YOU UNDERSTAND! I SHALL NEVER ACCEPT THAT... MAY THE MOST SHAMEFUL CATASTROPHE OVERWHELM THE COSMIC CHILDREN FOR HAVING EVEN THOUGHT OF SUCH A THING!
HARRY! LARRY!
BAD NEWS, MASTER?
DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS, MY FRIENDS... WE MUST IMMEDIATELY LOCK ALL THE DOORS OF THE SPACESHIP WORKSHOP!
NO ONE MUST EVEN APPROACH THE MODEL OF THE MASTERPIECE IN MY ABSENCE.. NOT EVEN THE MASTER-COMRADES, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
AND NOW FOR BARBARELLA AND LITTLE FOXY, WHO ARE SLEEPING PEACEFULLY
YOO-HOO! COMRADE-CARPENTER!

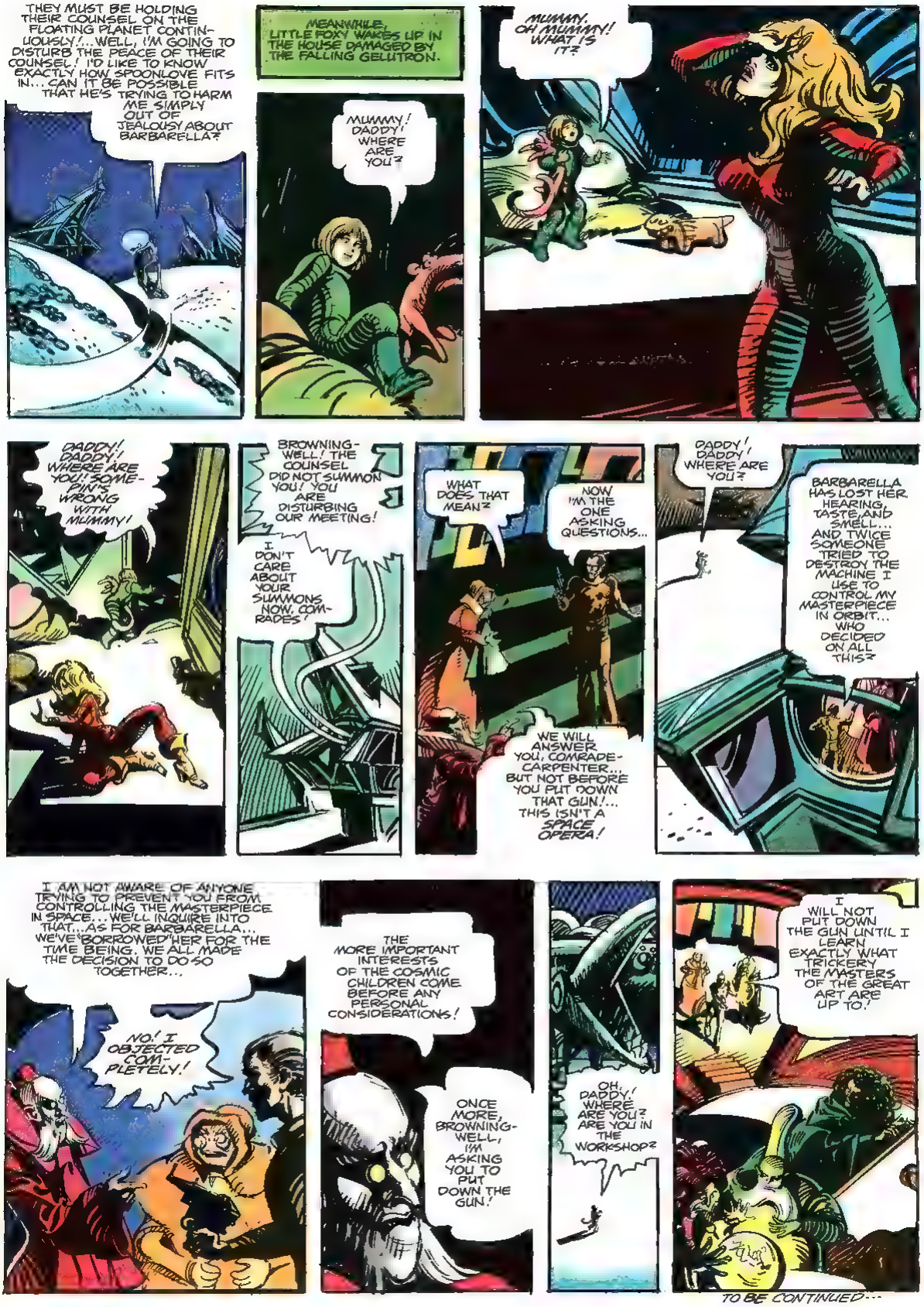
COMRADE-CHEMIST, MY FRIEND!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I MUST TALK TO YOU... BE ON YOUR GUARD. SPOONLOVE HAS BECOME VERY IMPORTANT IN THE COUNSEL... I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHY.. AND HE DOESN'T LIKE YOU!
NEXT DAY...
YOUR FATHER HAS PROBLEMS, LITTLE FOXY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF PROBLEMS... BUT THEY KEPT HIM UP ALL NIGHT!
BARBARELLA...
BARBARELLA, YOU KNOW SPOONLOVE, THE MASTER-SILVERSMITH... I'VE HEARD YOU DIDN'T FIND HIS MANNER, SHALL I SAY, DISPLEASING BEFORE LITTLE FOXY WAS BORN? WAS THERE.. SOMETHING BETWEEN YOU TWO. OTHER THAN.. MORE THAN.. CONVERSATION?
YES, ONCE JUST ONCE.. YOU HAD CHASED ME OUT OF YOUR WORKSHOP AND I WAS...
SSSSS!
CAN I SAY SOMEPIN?
GIVE UP THE IDEA, COMRADES — BROWNINGWELL WILL NEVER CONSENT TO IT!
WE CAN DO WITHOUT HIS CONSENT...
YOU MEAN THAT THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART CAN GO AHEAD WITHOUT HIS KNOWING?
WAIT... THAT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE THING TO DO!
TERRIBLE, MAYBE, BUT THE STAKES ARE ENORMOUS, IF THE COSMIC CHILDREN WIN THE COMPETITION, THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE WILL JUST HAVE TO DISAPPEAR!
ISN'T THAT EXAGGERATING A LITTLE?
TIME IS PASSING... THE SUPREME COUNSEL OF THE GREAT DESIGNER HAS FIXED THE DATE FOR THE MASTERPIECE COMPETITION.. ONLY EIGHT SYSTEM HOURS ARE LEFT TO US. THAT'S NOT MUCH!
YES.. BUT.. ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT... MEANING... WELL, HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO IT?
I HAVE A SUGGEST.ON.
YOU'RE NOT ASLEEP, LARRY?
NO, HARRY... WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES I SEE THOSE OF THE MASTER-BUILDER, BRIMMING WITH PAIN AND MYSTERY...
SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING ON... BROWNINGWELL HAS SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT... BUT HE IS AS PALE AS THE LIGHT OF THE NEW MOON IN THE SKY OF WILLIAM IV.
PARDON ME, COMRADE-COSMONAUT, BUT THAT BARBARELLA UP THERE IS MORE THAN A PALE MOON.. SHE SHINES LIKE A STAR TO ME!
HMMMM... IS THAT A SWEET STAR? IS THAT THE SWEET STAR OF OUR COMRADE-CARPENTER?


BY THE SACRED ANOMALY OF SATURN, WHAT'S WITH THOSE WEIRD BIRDS?
BROWNINGWELL MADE US PROMISE TO LET NO ONE PASS!
HEY! GET AWAY, YOU WEIRD BIRDS! GO LAY YOUR EGGS SOMEWHERE ELSE!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THE WORKSHOP DOOR OPEN? BROWNINGWELL ALWAYS USES A SECRET COMBINATION!
THERE ARE NO SECRETS FROM THE CLAIRVOYANT COMPUTING COMRADES!
YOU O.K., DADDY?
WHY DO YOU ASK, LITTLE FOXY?
BECAUSE YOUR EYES DON'T LOOK LIKE EYES! THEY'RE PEBBLES!
HE'S RIGHT, BROWNINGWELL. SOMETHING'S WRONG.. AND IT'S NOT JUST BECAUSE OF THAT IDIOT SPOONLOVE...
MEANWHILE, AT THE SPACESHIP WORKSHOP...
I DON'T DOUBT THAT BROWNINGWELL TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF DISCONNECTING THE WHOLE TRANSFER SYSTEM.. BUT IT WON'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO GET IT FUNCTIONING AGAIN AND SET UP A DERIVATION!
IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY, COMRADE?
LET'S BE SERIOUS COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART CAN'T WORK IN WASTEFUL VOID...WITH THE USE OF THE THINGMIBOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE, THEY CAN EXERCISE THEIR FANTASTIC POWER WITH EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTIVENESS...
BROWNINGWELL WILL FIND OUT WE'VE VISITED HIS WORKSHOP!
HE WOULD REACT...SO IT WOULD BE BETTER TO STOP HIM FROM..
BARBARELLA, AREN'T YOU EATING ANYTHING?
NO, I'M NOT HUNGRY, AND THIS BIRDSHELL SOUP IS TASTELESS!
NO... MUMMY'S WRONG... I WANNA SAY SOMEPIN..
GO ON
THE BIRDYSHELL TASTES LIKE TARBOOLY AND BOUZZI.
WHAT'S A TARBOOLY AND BOUZZI?
AND WHAT'S YOUR PLANET?
THEY'RE ANIMALS ON MY PLANET!
MY PLANET'S MINE!
ANYWAY, I'M VERY SORRY BUT TODAY THE BIRDSHELL, THE BIRDYSHELL, THE TARBOOLY, AND THE BOUZZI DON'T TASTE OF ANYTHING TO ME!
PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM! JUST EAT! YOUR NOT TASTING ANYTHING IS JUST IN YOUR HEAD!
YEAH! IT'S HER PLANET THAT IS YUCKEY!


I'M GOING TO CHECK OUT MY WORKSHOP... HARRY AND LARRY AREN'T TRANSMITTING ANYTHING!
WHAT'S GOING ON? ALL THE DOORS ARE JAMMED...LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN MESSING AROUND WITH THE COMBINATIONS
AND WHERE ARE HARRY AND LARRY?
WHAT DOES THIS THING DO ?
IT LETS YOU RELEASE THE THINGIMIBOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE FROM A DISTANCE AND AT WILL... IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART TO DO THEIR WORK WITHOUT SUCH A DEVICE..
BROWNINGWELL GOES INTO ACTION..
TONY, IS THE GELUTRON READY TO TAKE OFF?
CERTAINLY, COMRADE CARPENTER!
I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOU, TONY.. I CAN TELL YOU THAT I'M WORRIED ..I'M AFRAID THEY'RE TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE MASTER-PIECE ..
THERE'S YOUR WIFE...SHE HEARD THE GELUTRON'S MOTOR STARTING UP.
ARE YOU GOING FAR LIKE THAT?
JUST UP THERE ..TO SEE YOU A LITTLE BETTER...YOUR EFFIGY HAS A BUBBLE OF BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE WHICH THE FORCE FIELDS PREVENT FROM BURSTING... I'M GOING TO SEE THAT IT'S IN GOOD WORKING ORDER. IT NEEDS TO BE PERSONALLY SERVICED.
SO ' I'M A WELL-SERVICED WOMAN.'
YES, MY LOVE.. AND TODAY I'M GOING TO SEE IT MYSELF... NOW, YOU TAKE LITTLE FOXY TO VISIT THE NEW GREEN-HOUSES'
GRRRR!
THE NEW GREEN-HOUSES.
TODAY THE NEW GREENHOUSES, TOMORROW THE LAST VNARIAN SPACESHIP.. AND BEYOND TOMORROW, A SUPER-SHOW IN UNIVERSE NO. 33... AM I ALWAYS MYSELF?
MUMMY, YOU SMELL A FUNNY KIND OF BAD SMELL?
O.K., LET'S GO.'
ARE YOU IN SUCH A RUSH TO TAKE OFF? THE FLUORESCENCE OF THE FOURTH MEDIAN IS RESPONDING BADLY.
IT'S GOING TO TAKE AT LEAST TWO HOURS TO CHECK IT OUT'
I HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SEE BARBARELLA AND LITTLE FOXY...
BUT MUMMY, DON'T YOU SMELL THE BAD SMELL?
NO, LITTLE FOXY, NOT AT ALL ..I DON'T SMELL ANYTHING.. IT'S ODD THAT THESE WONDERFUL FLOWERS DON'T HAVE ANY SCENT AT ALL...
MUMMY... IT STINKS AWFUL BAA...
40

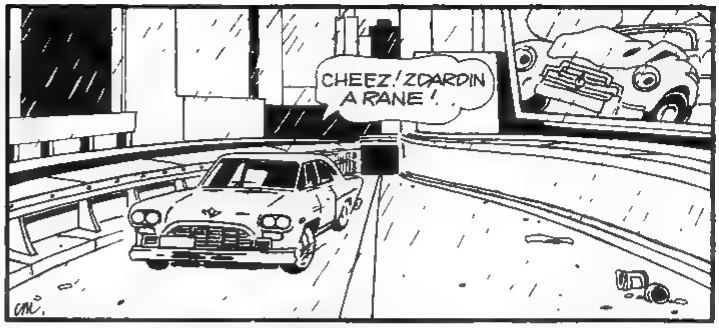
JUST IN TIME! DIDN'T YOU SMELL ANY-THING?
THAT PLANET MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM ITS CAGE... WHAT A PUTRID SCENT... ITS SMELL IS BOTH INFECTIOUS AND TOXIC...
FORGIVE ME, BROWN... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS.. SINCE YESTERDAY I HAVEN'T TASTED ANYTHING I ATE... AND NOW I HAVEN'T ANY MORE SENSE OF SMELL...
I'LL CALL A DOCTOR OR OUR COMRADE-CHEMIST... YOU GO GET SOME REST AND DON'T BE NERVOUS. I'LL WATCH LITTLE FOXY!
WHAT-EVER YOU WANT!
WHEN-EVER YOU'RE READY, COMRADE-CARPENTER!
WHAT WAS IT?
SOME-ONE MUST HAVE GOTTEN TO THE GELUTRON... AND THAT SOMEONE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF PRACTICAL JOKER...
YOU MEAN SOME-ONE TRIED TO SABOTAGE THE MACHINE?
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER, COMRADE.
DADDY, I WANNA TELL YOU SOMEPIN..
WHAT'S THAT?
BY THE GALAXIES!
THAT THING SQUIRTS AN ACID BATH, AND NOTHING COULD BE MORE DAMAGING TO A GELUTRON... OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LEAVE THE STRATOSPHERE IN LESS THAN TWENTY SECONDS!
TOO LATE! WE'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT OF THIS THING! HURRY, TONY, GET IN THE CAPSULE WITH US... I'M GOING TO EJECT US NOW!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO DID US THIS LITTLE FAVOR!

DADDY! LOOK AT THE GELLITRON!... GOIN' CRASH ON THE HOUSE!
BARBARELLA!
DADDY! DADDY! MUMMY DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!
ALL THE WAYS TO PARALYZE ME... INCLUDING AN ATTEMPT AT MURDER!
SO BARBARELLA HAS LOST HER SMELL AND TASTE AND SHE HEARD NOTHING WHEN THE HOUSE BLEW UP. THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
THEY'VE SEALED THE DOORS OF MY WORKSHOP! I WANT TO KNOW WHY!
IF I'M GOING TO GET THEM OPEN, I CAN'T BE CAREFUL ABOUT THE MEANS I USE!
HARRY! LARRY!
OH! HOW SAD!
CURSES! THEY DIDN'T EVEN HESITATE AT MASSACRING MY FRIENDS!.. THEY LAY THE BLAME ON BARBARELLA... AND NEXT THING... THEY'LL BE SACRIFICING THE CHILD!
HERE IS MY ANSWER TO YOU!
.. WELL, THE BEGINNING OF AN ANSWER.


THEY MUST BE HOLDING THEIR COUNSEL ON THE FLOATING PLANET CONTINUOUSLY!.. WELL, I'M GOING TO DISTURB THE PEACE OF THEIR COUNSEL! I'D LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW SPOONLOVE FITS IN... CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT HE'S TRYING TO HARM ME SIMPLY OUT OF JEALOUSY ABOUT BARBARELLA?
MEANWHILE, LITTLE FOXY WAKES UP IN THE HOUSE DAMAGED BY THE FALLING GELUTRON.
MUMMY! DADDY! WHERE ARE YOU?
MUMMY, OH MUMMY! WHAT IS IT?
DADDY! DADDY! WHERE ARE YOU! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MUMMY!
BROWNING-WELL! THE COUNSEL DID NOT SUMMON YOU! YOU ARE DISTURBING OUR MEETING!
I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR SUMMONS NOW, COMRADES!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
NOW I'M THE ONE ASKING QUESTIONS...
WE WILL ANSWER YOU, COMRADE-CARPENTER... BUT NOT BEFORE YOU PUT DOWN THAT GUN!... THIS ISN'T A SPACE OPERA!
DADDY! DADDY! WHERE ARE YOU?
BARBARELLA HAS LOST HER HEARING, TASTE, AND SMELL... AND TWICE SOMEONE TRIED TO DESTROY THE MACHINE I USE TO CONTROL MY MASTERPIECE IN ORBIT... WHO DECIDED ON ALL THIS?
I AM NOT AWARE OF ANYONE TRYING TO PREVENT YOU FROM CONTROLLING THE MASTERPIECE IN SPACE... WE'LL INQUIRE INTO THAT... AS FOR BARBARELLA... WE'VE "BORROWED" HER FOR THE TIME BEING. WE ALL MADE THE DECISION TO DO SO TOGETHER...
NO! I OBJECTED COMPLETELY!
THE MORE IMPORTANT INTERESTS OF THE COSMIC CHILDREN COME BEFORE ANY PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS!
ONCE MORE, BROWNING-WELL, I'M ASKING YOU TO PUT DOWN THE GUN!
OH, DADDY! WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU IN THE WORKSHOP?
I WILL NOT PUT DOWN THE GUN UNTIL I LEARN EXACTLY WHAT TRICKERY THE MASTERS OF THE GREAT ART ARE UP TO!
TO BE CONTINUED...

1996

E TO
AV!
KRUMY STOR !

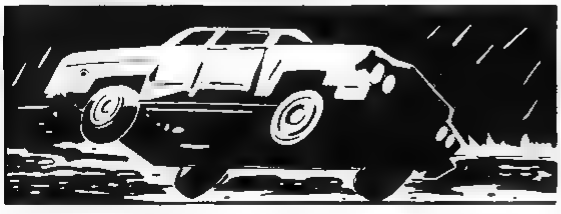

CHEEZ! ZDARDIN A RANE!

WUD A DAY!

RODUN PLAYZ!

GEDDIN OWDA HEER.. AN INA HURY!

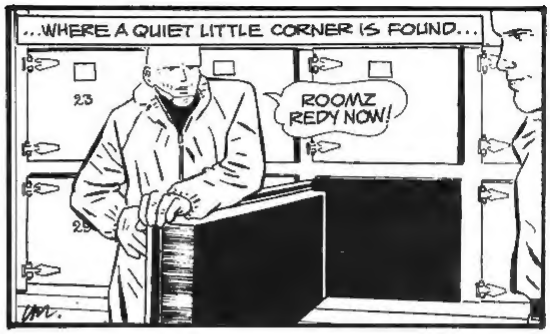
SHIIID! EYEM SKIDDIN!

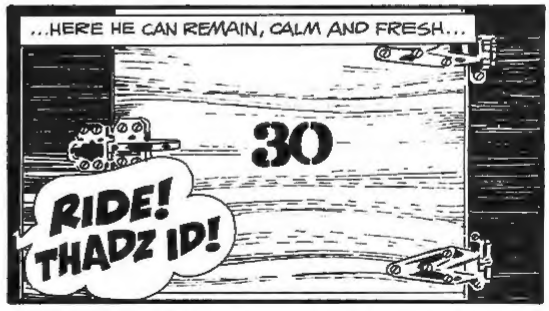


CRASH

THINGEEZ DED?
GEZ ZO...
ALUZ DRIVIN TO FAZ!
ZUMBUDY BEDDER GOKAWLUH MERGENZY PARDMEND
KAWLUH BLEEZ!
POOR GUY!
ZUMBUDY DUNID AWREDY...
HEERZA DRUK NOW! THA WUZ FAZ!...
WUDUHTHEY GUNNA DO? TAYGIM WAY?
HEERZUH BLEEZ, NOW...
GUYZ FRUM BELEPAV AR HEER AWREDY... LUGS LYG THEY CHAYZ AVDER AGZIDENDZ... BUNCHA VULDJURZ!
Belepav
LUGZ LYG WEEGUN TAYGIM INIZ GAR, KAPN...
HEEZ DED?
YUP

DUZZEN HAV ENY BAYBERZ ONIM... NO EYE DEE, NO LIZENZ... JUZA KUBBLA BUGS...
HMM...WEERD... YOOGIN TAYGIM WAY AWRIDE, BUD I GODDA LUG INDO ID...
DOND TUTCHIM OR NUTHIN FER A KUPPLA DAZE, AN IF NUTHIN HABBENZ AN NOBUDY KLAYMZIM, HEEZ YERZ
!
O.K.?
OK!
LEZ GO! HEEV!
THINGWE DUN RIDE LODINIM ON
?
KORZ' WYDJU AZGZ
WEL, THAD BID ABOWD BABERS AN AWL.. IVWE KAND FINDOWD HOOHEEIZ, MAYGZ BROBLEMZ FER EMBOMERZ.
WUD BROBLEMZ? YOO SEENIM...NO GWEZDJUN ABOWD HIZ RAYZ... THIZ GUYZ A KAYZ FEREMBOMIN FER SHUR!..





ME-105-2050A-7001 (73)—346

BELEPAV

MORTUARY COMPARTMENT CARD

COMPARTMENT 30

Name UnKNOWN White male

Age 25 Color White Date of Death 11/28/

Received from Police Date Received 11/28/

Place of Death 250 highway

...AND...
SCREAMING PEOPLE FLY SO FAST IN THEIR SHINY METAL CARS...
THROUGH THE WOOD OF STEEL AND GLASS...
HEER-WEYAR! WEEL FYN WUTCHA LUGIN FER...
?
!
AZYOOKIN SEE, WEGIVUH ZAYM KAYR TOUH GARZ AZWE DOUH OGGU-BANDZ...
KRYS!
WUDZ THIZ GUY UBDA?
UHH...SKYOOZ MEE, MIZDER... GODA LEEVU LONE AMINID... GODA MAYGUH FONE KAWL...

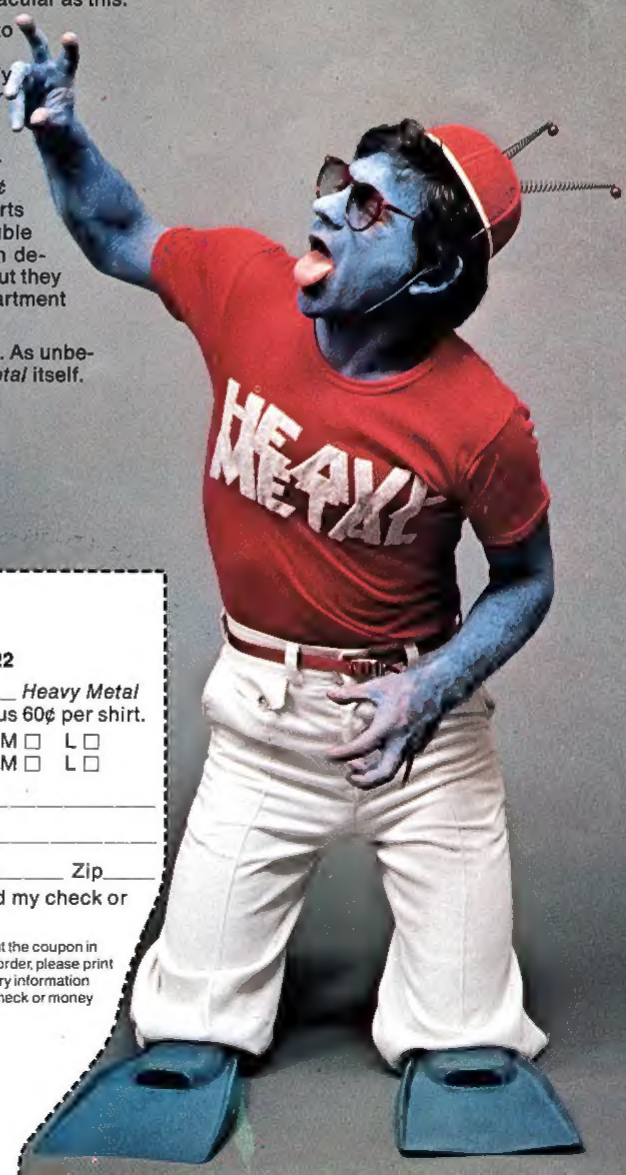
TO BE CONTINUED...

The most incredible T-shirts in this galaxy.

From *Heavy Metal*, naturally, come the most beautiful T-shirts you will ever see or wear. They are fine 100% cotton with French-cut sleeves for both men and women. They come in black or red with the *Heavy Metal* logo in silver metal that's flocked as thick as your finger. There's never been a shirt as spectacular as this.

Heavy Metal figured to come through with something completely different. You can purchase these shirts in small, medium, and large in either color at $6 each plus 60¢ per shirt. These shirts would retail for double the amount if sold in department stores... but they are not sold in department stores.

Heavy Metal T-shirts. As unbelievable as *Heavy Metal* itself.



Heavy Metal
Dept. **HM-678**
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

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Black S ☐ M ☐ L ☐
Red S ☐ M ☐ L ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip____

Enclosed please find my check or money order.

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Morello